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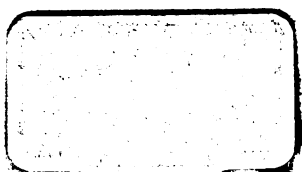


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# **P O E M S.**



# POEMS,

WRITTEN IN THE LEISURE HOURS

OF A

JOURNEYMAN MASON.

---

Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.  
*Beattie.*

---

INVERNESS:

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Review & Crit. - Haydon, 1840

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To Mr \*\*\*\*\*

DEAR SIR,—From the number of pages it occupied, and the variety of themes it embraced, the Epistle Dedicatory in the days of Dryden, frequently formed no inconsiderable part of the work to which it was prefixed. In the present age the extrema brevity of epistles of this kind remind one of a poor man's epitaph. It may be thought that the writers of our times have acquired a juster taste in this sort of composition than their predecessors possessed ; but I must confess I am not of this opinion. Human nature has a bias so palpably sinister, that it can scarce engage in any matter without betraying it ; and I deem it alike evident in the long flattering dedications of a former age, and the very brief ones of the present.

In the earlier ages of English literature the readers and buyers of books were comparatively few ; and it was necessary that the author who set himself to acquire popularity, and wrote for a subsistence, should have a patron. A patron, if I be rightly informed, was one possessed of fortune, influence, and a love of fame and letters, whose liberality enabled the writer under his

protection to pursue what was then the least lucrative of all the learned professions, and whose known regard for his writings held them up to public approbation. For then, as now, it would appear there were a few who thought for themselves ; and many who with the desire of being deemed literate borrowed their tastes as they did their fashions, and thought but by precedent. In the present age, when ignorance implies rather want of mind than want of opportunity of cultivating the mental faculties, when almost every one possessed of reason and imagination is a reader and buyer of books, poverty has ceased to be the reproach of the man of literature ; and the epistle dedicatory, which was formerly a kind of billet-doux from necessity and ambition to wealth and influence, is no longer a very essential part of any work. If an author inscribe his books to individuals, it is because he venerates, is attached, or is grateful. Thus, what were once the ostensible causes of dedication, have become the real ; and the striking difference between the modern and more ancient styles of this kind of epistle shows that man's solicitude for fame, wealth, and power, is an energetic loquacious passion, and that his gratitude, kindness, and respect, are in comparison, feelings both feeble and taciturn.

It would be well, my friend, for the world, were men so affectionate and grateful as some of our old classical authors pretended to be. It would be also well, did it abound with men as perfectly virtuous as they,

described those to whom they professed gratitude and attachment. What pity it is that a vile selfishness was the chief prompter of their eulogies and professions of regard; and that what they praised and pretended to feel were virtues and passions of the imagination, not of their patron's lives, or their own hearts. But would it not be well too, that men could cease to be flatterers without becoming cold; and is it not also a pity that neither attachment, gratitude, nor respect, can wear an aspect half so expressive of kindness and good will as that depicted on the vizard which masked a low and sordid passion? No one censures the politeness which teaches men to seem as if they preferred others to themselves, for what it makes them appear; it is only blamed for making them appear what they are not. No one affirms that it is wrong to profess gratitude or attachment, it is only affirmed that it is wrong to deceive by such professions. In dedicating this little volume to you I desire to avoid both the cold briefness of the modern dedication, and the profuse insincerity of the more ancient.

You will find in my poems that I often mention the place of my birth, and that I often write of the friends to whom I am attached, or whose memories I venerate, —some of the kindest of them are, alas! no longer on earth. You will find too, that my acknowledgments to what the imagination of the poet has embodied into a spirit of poetry, are profuse even to tautology. From this, and the knowledge you have otherwise acquired of me,

you will perhaps conclude that I am one of those who think much of what and whom they love, and express their thoughts freely. If so, the conclusion will be just. Indeed what chiefly incites me to address you in this place is, that I may have an opportunity of saying something concerning you. But I have need to be wary. Some wise people of the world would laugh at me as credulous, did I declare it to be my belief that I have in my friend one who does what he believes right out of love to God; and by many my profession would be deemed the offspring of conceit and hypocrisy, should I say that I feel grateful to this friend for his having convinced one who possibly might have done some mischief as an infidel, that the Religion of the Bible is not a cunningly devised fable. Still, however, a good deal may be said that the world need not suspect. When it is informed that the greater number of my acquaintances are men who have had no better advantages of acquiring knowledge than myself, and that the education of my friend has been liberal, it will surely believe me when I affirm that this friend is the best scholar and truest philosopher I ever knew. I do not see why it should accuse me of flattery when I declare him to be in possession both of a cool discriminating judgment and a warm affectionate heart; nor yet of insincerity, when I say that out of gratitude for the much pleasure I have received in his company, and from the opinion I entertain of his critical abilities, I am more desirous that my little book may please him than any other individual.

I am not a little anxious that it prove deserving your notice ; and am just going to shew that the philosophical critic will find it of use whether he have occasion to pronounce it dull, or the contrary. I shall first suppose it the former : but before I begin it is proper to say that I define the philosophical critic to be one conversant with books, skilled in the various modes of composition, and acquainted with human nature, both as he experiences it in himself and observes it in others.

From hints and allusions my book contains, it is evident that its author deems himself possessed of some genius. It is evident too, from the promises he makes of future attainment and exertion, that he supposes his powers of mind have not yet gained their full strength. From the falseness of the first opinion, (for I set out with supposing it false), the philosophical critic will be led to remark that the darkest ignorance of the ignorant is an ignorance of themselves ; and that the man who cannot add to the knowledge of others, is seldom able to weigh the modicum of capacity which nature has given to himself. From the latter supposition, he is made to see that even the dull may be dissatisfied with what they perform ; that at least one of their number looks forward in hope to a time when his judgment shall be more powerful, and his imagination more active ; and that that one too, like the man of genius, has the faculty of forming conceptions of an ideal beauty, which he attempts to imitate, but at which he cannot

arise. Now this is a knowledge which may be derived from my little volume should it prove dull ; and this is a knowledge of human nature,—general as it applies to a numerous class, particular as it characterizes a solitary individual.

But should the author's opinion of his poems be the just one, the critic described will find that a different kind of knowledge is to be had by perusing them. Perhaps the fear of being accused of conceit ought to prevent me from stating this opinion. Their appearance in print, however, is a tacit confession that I deem them not quite void of merit ; and having gone so far as to give in this way a general opinion on them, I shall venture a little further, by giving a particular. I deem my book a repository of thoughts and feelings, neither low nor vulgar, which have been formed and experienced in a walk of life where thought is seldom vigorous or feeling delicate. I conceive that some of what it contains may with propriety be likened to those ores which rugged in their external form are yet fraught with a metal, excellent, when purified by the refiner, either for works of ornament or use. I am of opinion that a spirit of poetry may be found in it, wrestling with those improprieties of language consequent on imperfect education, just as the half-formed animals of the Nile, that are warmed into life by the beams of the sun, struggle to free themselves from the mud and slime in which they are enveloped. In a volume of

this kind the critic will meet with thoughts that are the pictures of things, not the mere reflections of the thoughts of other men. He will have the advantage of observing in it how good combinations of idea appear when unartfully expressed ; and he will have the opportunity too of seeing what kind of verses the author writes to whom poetry is not an art, but an inspiration.

And now my dear friend, I have written what would be reckoned a long epistle dedicatory even in the age of Charles II. ; I have written it too in what may be regarded as the true style of the author,—for I have censured other writers, spoken well of myself, complimented my friend, and proved that my book will be useful, if a bad book, and still more useful if a good. I yet feel inclined to linger;—thought follows thought, and to the chain of idea there is no end. But perhaps I have already said too much, and I will only venture to add, that in all the sincerity of friendship,

I am,

Dear Sir,

YOUR JOURNEYMAN MASON.

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## INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

---

CERTES, 'tis true, that I was born to toil,  
To wend through life's remotest paths my way :  
I hew the pond'rous stone with ceaseless moil,  
And wake to labour each returning day.  
O ! what were life to me, if fail'd the ray  
Which Heav'n has deign'd to cheer th' unlovely  
gloom ?

O ! what were life, if hied the muse away ?  
The muse that tells (her's are no tales of doom,)  
Of bliss in life enjoy'd, of joys beyond the tomb.

'Tis true, to me nor wealth, nor fame she brings,—  
Harsh her best tones, and low her loftiest strain ;  
Yet Grief entranc'd leans list'ning as she sings,  
Her dark forbodings quell'd, and ceas'd her plain :  
Then say, grave censor, sings my muse in vain ;  
Save bliss, man nothing seeks on earth below,

And bliss is thine, O muse ! to thee if pain,  
Or care, or sorrow wrings, to thee I'll go,  
And all my sighs shall cease, shall cease my tears to flow

Nor will I grieve though to myself confin'd  
Be all of good my artless muse can give ;  
Fame is not joy, nor health, nor peace of mind,  
It boasts no pow'r o'er pain, no force in love.  
Harold, 'twas thine its prime regards to prove ;  
But ah ! was't thine pleasure or pain to know ?  
Thy lays alike to grief and wonder move :  
Yes, far as ear has caught their magic flow,  
Thy genius this demands, and that thy matchless woe.

Needless to tell of wealth to grief allied,  
Needless to tell of pangs th' ambitious own ;  
Grief dogs with tireless step the selfish pride  
That grasps at glory due to Heaven alone.  
O ! this the mystery of the woes of man,  
That in himself centres his prime desire ;  
E'er since his griefs, his pains, his toils began,  
His own vile god he lives ; vile oft the fire  
That warms the warrior's soul, that gilds the  
minstrel's lyre.

And see, the warrior's toils, the minstrel's lay,  
Misery and fame, glory and death await.

O dull to learn ! ye gods of fragile clay,—  
Of souls perplex'd and dark, why boast elate  
That lying fame has dubb'd you wise and great ?  
In Heaven's esteem vile are your powers and low :  
'Tis not in wrath unmix'd that on you wait  
Sorrows, and cares, and pains,—ye wretched, know  
These come the faulty aims of your vex'd lives to show.

Where strays the muse? nay not of wealth nor fame,  
Nor toil, nor grief, nor care I ask the lay ;  
Give rather, if thou canst, for some will blame  
The idle freak, that to the glare of day,  
To cold neglect perchance, or scorn, a prey,  
Casts what thou whisper'd in the silent night ;  
Give, if thou canst, one sober reason why  
Thy simple lays, long hid, should court the light :  
The common meed of fame thou disregardest quite.

Oft have I seen the baffl'd fiends of woe  
Chain'd by the magic of thy artless strain ;  
And now I harbour a desire, to know  
If 'tis thy right o'er many hearts to reign,  
Or if to all that live thou sing'st in vain,  
Save to the minstrel of the lone recess.  
Muse of the desert ! would that pow'r were thine,  
The good to aid, the gen'rous heart to bless,  
The bowed down to raise, the oppressor to repress !

The minstrel's power monarchs in vain desire !  
 (Power o'er th' opinions and the souls of men) ;  
 'Tis his to warm the hrave with gen'rous fire,  
 To scourge the vicious, and repress the vain ;  
 More potent still, 'tis his to burst the chain  
 That tyrants forge,—the chain that frets the soul,  
 Till all its thoughts grow ill, its feelings pain ;  
 Scar'd at his frown, Excess has fled the bowl,  
 And wasting cares have died, vile thoughts, and  
 passions foul.

Such were his pow'rs, who by the winding Ouse,  
 To God, not Fame, inscrib'd the exalted lay \*  
 Such were his pow'rs, who where the Camus flows,  
 Wasted in tasks severe his life away ; †  
 Such were his powers, who sung war's fierce array,  
 With horrid front dark'ning the fields of Heav'n,  
 Hell's direful vault, the Anarch's idle sway,  
 And miserable man from Eden driv'n :—‡  
 Ah ! would such wond'rous pow'rs to th' untought  
 Bard were given.

The awful Bacon woo'd the muse in vain,  
 And Plato call'd on Vulcan's fires to aid,

\* Cowper.

† H. K. White.

Milton.

For her's the muse withheld ; and Cæsar's strain,  
Uniform'd to please, sleeps in th' oblivious shade ;  
Weak was the verse Rome's hapless Consul made, \*  
Ev'n he whose thunders 'mid the forum roll'd,  
When the world's mighty conq'ror shook dismay'd†  
Enough—be thus the scoffer's gibes repell'd,  
If wight untaught and rude, should fail where Tully  
fail'd.

---

\* Cicero.

† Julius Cæsar.

## DEATH OF GARDINER.

Have ye not seen on winter's eve,  
When snow-rack dimm'd the welkin's face,  
Borne, wave-like, by the fitful breeze,  
The snow-wreath shifting place?  
In stormy autumn day, when sad  
The boding peasant pines forlorn;  
Have ye not seen the mountain stream  
Bear down the standing corn?

Have you not seen from lonesome waste  
The smoke tower rising tall and slow,  
O'erlooking like a stately tree  
The russet plain below?  
And have ye mark'd that pillar'd wreath,  
When sudden struck by northern blast,  
Amid the low and stunted furze  
In broken volumes cast?

Solemn and slow as drifting wreath,  
Ere day, the clans from Preston hill  
Mov'd downward to the vale beneath:—  
Dark was the scene and still.

At dawn, when Preston bog was cross'd,  
Like mountain stream that bursts its banks,  
Rush'd Celtic serf and Celtic lord,  
On Cope's devoted ranks.

At sun-rise, as by northern blast  
The pillar'd smoke is roll'd away,  
Fled lowland Scot, and southern swain,  
In headlong disarray.  
Yet in that craven, dread-struck host  
One val'rous heart beat keen and high ;  
In that dark hour of shameful flight,  
One staid behind to die.

Deep gash'd by many a felon blow,  
He sleeps where fought the vanquish'd van,  
Of silver'd locks and furrow'd brow,  
A venerable man.  
Ev'n when his thousand warriors fled,  
Their low-born valour quail'd and gone,  
He, the meek leader of that band,  
Remain'd and fought alone.

He stood, fierce foemen throng'd around,  
The chilling death groans of despair,  
The clashing sword, the cleaving axe,  
The murd'rous dirk was there.

Valour more stark, or hands more strong,  
Ne'er urg'd the brand or launch'd the spear;  
But what were these to that old man?  
God was his only fear.

He stood where adverse thousands throng'd,  
And long that warrior fought, and well;  
Bravely he fought, firmly he stood,  
Till where he stood he fell.  
He fell, he pray'd for the poor Celt,  
Then to his God his soul resign'd,  
Not leaving of earth's many sons  
A better man behind.

His valour, his high scorn of death  
To fame's proud meed no impulse owed;  
His was a pure unsullied zeal  
For Britain, and for God.  
He fell, he died, the savage foe  
Trode careless o'er the noble clay;  
Yet not in vain that champion fought  
In that disast'rous fray

On bigot creeds and felon swords  
Partial success may fondly smile,  
Till bleeds the patriot's honest heart,  
And flames the martyr's pile.

Yet not in vain the patriot bleeds,  
Yet not in vain the martyr dies,  
From ashes mute and voiceless blood  
Unceasing pray'rs arise.

The scoffer laughs ;—nay, heed him not.  
Say wouldst thou of Heaven's judgments learn?  
Then think of Preston's patriot saint,  
And Hamilton of Fearn.  
O think how o'er his castle wall  
Proud Beaton's corse was cast in scorn ;  
And how on bleak Culloden moor  
The Celt's red wreath was torn.

The scoffer owns the bigot's creed,  
Though keen the secret gibe may be ;  
The scoffer seeks the tyrant's doom,  
And bends the ready knee.  
But oh ! in dark oppression's day,  
When flames the torch, when waves the sword,  
Who are the brave in freedom's cause ?  
The men who fear the Lord.

What are the signs that prove and show  
The faith which God deign'd to reveal ?  
In peace the meek and holy life,  
In war the heart of steel.

The scorn of vice ; in Heaven's good cause  
A Heaven-born ardour, pure and high ;  
A grateful calm content to live,  
A glad content to die.

My country, from the bard whose soul,  
Toil hard and long has fail'd to bend,  
Believe, that for thy better weal,  
No hollow pray'rs ascend,  
When this their scope, " May such as he  
Who fought and died on Preston field,  
In peace my country's truncheon sway,  
In war her falchion wield."

ON SEEING A SUN-DIAL IN A CHURCH-  
YARD.

Grey dial-stone, I fain would know  
 What motive plac'd thee here,  
 Where darkly opes the frequent grave,  
 And rests the frequent bier.  
 Ah ! bootless creeps the dusky shade  
 Slow o'er the figur'd plain ;  
 When mortal life has pass'd away,  
 Time counts his hours in vain.

As sweep the clouds o'er ocean's breast  
 When shrieks the wint'ry wind,  
 So doubtful thoughts, grey dial-stone,  
 Come sweeping o'er my mind.  
 I think of what could place thee here,  
 Of those beneath thee laid,  
 And ponder if thou wert not rais'd  
 In mock'ry o'er the dead.

Nay ! man, when on life's stage they fret,  
 May mock his fellow men ;

In sooth their sob'rest pranks afford  
Rare food for mock'ry then.  
But ah ! when pass'd their brief sojourn,  
When Heaven's dread doom is said,  
Beats there a human heart could pour  
Light mock'ries o'er the dead ?

The fiend unblest, who still to harm  
Directs his felon pow'r,  
May ope the book of grace to him  
Whose day of grace is o'er.  
But sure the man has never liv'd  
In any age or clime,  
Could raise in mock'ry o'er the dead,  
The stone that measures time.

Grey dial-stone, I fain would know  
What motive plac'd thee here,  
Where sadness heaves the frequent sigh  
And drops the frequent tear.  
Like thy carv'd plain, grey dial-stone,  
Grief's weary mourners be ;  
Dark sorrow metes out time to them,  
Dark shade marks time on thee.

Yes ! sure 'twas wise to place thee here,  
To catch the eye of him

To whom earth's brightest gauds appear  
Worthless, and dull, and dim.  
We think of time, when time has fled  
The friend our tears deplore ;  
The God our light proud hearts deny,  
Our grief-worn hearts adore.

Grey stone, o'er thee the lazy night  
Passes untold, away,  
Nor is it thine at noon to teach  
When fails the solar ray.  
In death's dark night, grey dial-stone,  
Cease all the works of men,  
In life, if Heaven withholds its aid,  
Bootless their works, and vain.

Grey dial-stone, while yet thy shade  
Points out those hours are mine,  
While yet at early morn I rise,  
And rest at day's decline ;  
Would that the Sun that formed thine  
His bright rays beam'd on me,  
That I, thou aged dial-stone,  
Might measure time like thee.

To. MRS —————

Nay, gentle lady, wherefore chide  
The tim'rous look that turns aside  
    To shun the glance serene,  
My rustic speech of slow reply,  
My bashful earth-enamour'd eye,  
    And grace-unpractis'd mien.

Oh ! judge not thou as sapient men,  
Who deem his sob'rest musings vain,  
    The melancholy wight,  
Who all-unanxious to be known,  
Feels happy in the desert lone,  
    And glad at noon of night.

Lady, my fav'rite haunts have been  
The dark sequester'd forest scene,  
    The solitary wild,  
Rough shores where beats th' unheeded wave,  
The waste, the deep, sprite-haunted cave,  
    The tomb-besprinkled field.

'Tis true the lore such schools have giv'n  
Speaks much of calm content and Heaven,

But ah ! not theirs to give  
The polish'd speech for prompt reply,  
Or steady glance to bashful eye,  
Or air that courts approve.

Strange have my thoughts, my fancies been ;  
Fair lady, long I've liv'd within

A wild world of my own ;  
Its lore alone I've learn'd, and now  
Small proves my skill to bustle through  
The world by others known.

Conscious of this, at close of day,  
'Tis mine through loneliest scenes to stray,

And O ! I've much desir'd  
That I in Ethie's craggy dell,  
Might build myself a rustic cell,  
And dwell from men retir'd.

O oft, full oft, when dark and still,  
O'er Cromma's wave-encircled hill

The cloud of night was spread,  
Lone through its woods of tangled maze,  
Thinking of men, their works and ways,  
The pensive bard has stray'd.

Nay, ask him not of sheeted shade,  
 That flits across the forest glade,  
 Or of sp'rit-tapers shine;  
 Of sobs which burst from conscious trees,  
 Nor yet, when sleeps the midnight breeze,  
 If waves the darksome pine.

Not such his sights, though sad 'tis true,  
 For not unfrequent turns his view  
 The world's dark paths to trace;  
 And fancy's gloomiest glass, I ween,  
 Ne'er mirror'd forth a spectre scene  
 More void of joy or peace.

There prowl wild sprites, care, sorrow, pain,  
 The mean heart-hard'ning imps of gain,  
 Ambition's ruthless fiend,  
 The demon vile of scope, unchaste,  
 And ghosts of woe, whose witch'ries waste  
 The crime-polluted mind.

Nor ceaseless rests on woe his thought,  
 Oft to his ken fair scenes are brought,  
 And blithe of heart and free,  
 He thinks of all that Heaven approves,  
 That wisdom praises, virtue loves,  
 Lady, he thinks of thee.

## THE PATRIOT,—A POEM.

*Inscribed to the Members of the Northern Institution,  
Inverness.*

---

Caledonia,  
Nurse of a people in misfortune's school,  
Train'd up to hardy deeds ; a manly race,  
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave.

*Thomson.*

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### A P O L O G Y.

There are few more legitimate objects of suspicion than an author's apology for the imperfections of his work. His ostensible aim is either to teach or to please; the publication of his book shews that he deems himself not unequal to the task, while his apology comes fraught with a contrary evidence, and declares that in a certain measure he is. Perhaps Hume's sophism on miracles would become argument if applied here. The author's printed work connects itself, by no improper association, with a solid tangible experience, his apology is merely a piece of vague testimony.

At the risk, however, of being suspected to belong to the class, who, from want of real, take every opportunity of displaying a counterfeit modesty, I tender an apology for the following poem. When considered by the intelligent reader as a whole, its plan will be judged irregular, and for this irregularity I can easier account than apologize. I had seen the Museum of the Northern Institution,—had received much pleasure from the survey of its curiosities,

—and determined that in return, I should address its members in a short poem ;—an inadequate return, certainly, for the slightest favour, but often the only one writers of verses have in their power to make. I sat down to the task with scarce any preparation ; image rose after image, thought gave birth to thought, and the fruit of my labour was, not the brief address intended, but a poem containing more than five hundred lines. It will be forgiven me if a piece so written be defective in that judicious arrangement of parts which renders a work at once various and unique.

My poem is exposed to the strictures of criticism on another account. I have written it in what is deemed the heroic verse of English poetry. The standards by which the reader of taste will judge of a piece in this metre are the polished compositions of Pope and Dryden,—men who to the spirit added all the art of their profession ; and his decision cannot be other than unfavourable to one, who, so far from possessing this art, is anxious to learn whether his natural ability be such as to justify his setting himself to acquire it. Let his poem be considered as data from whence the reply to this query may be drawn. In the hope of escaping a decision less just than critical, I inform the reader that it was composed in the leisure hours a single month afforded ; and that when I now commit it to the press two months have not elapsed since I first entertained the idea of writing it. It is known that the writer cannot exercise his critical ability on a piece he has newly composed, — a partiality for his youngest production being as natural to him as that of the mother for her youngest child. The gloss of his new struck composition dazzles like that of a new struck medal, and prevents him from judging of the impression it bears. But if I go on at this rate, it may be said with justice, that my apology ought to be, not for the many faults of my piece, but for its publication. I conclude then in the words of an eminent writer of the last age : “ A work may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be dull without a single absurdity.”

## THE PATRIOT.

Oft has the muse a gorgeous circlet twin'd  
Of fadeless flowers, the murd'ers brows to bind ;  
To sooth stern tyrants oft her lyre is strung,  
And hell's dire fiends have joy'd when genius sung.  
Perversion sad ! must vice assert the lay  
That lasts unchang'd, though suns and worlds decay!

Not his such pow'rs to waste who now essays  
By Nessa's winding stream, the song to raise ;  
Not his the soul, were pow'rs so wond'rous giv'n,  
Could prostitute to vice the gift of Heav'n.  
Inur'd to toil, and well content to stray,  
A thoughtful Bard o'er life's obscurest way,  
To him ev'n wealth seems poor, and grandeur dim,  
Ev'n fame itself has scarce a joy for him.  
For pow'r, not wholly powerless to defend,  
No pray'r he breathes, 'tis seldom virtue's friend ;  
Unharm'd by love, though much the fair he prize,  
He sings no tender odes to ladies' eyes :

O ! if these baits so unalluring prove,  
Fame, grandeur, pow'r, and wealth, and ladies' love,  
In toils obscure as hard must pass his days,  
And death surprise him ere his songs he raise.

It may perchance, for who the hour can tell  
When the freed soul shall bid this earth farewell !  
It may perchance, yet if due space be giv'n,  
If length of days for him be mark'd by Heav'n,  
For nobler ends his songs shall court the ear,  
Nor taste may scorn, nor worth disdain to hear.

Land of the harmonious song and val'rous deed !  
For thee have scholars toil'd, and warriors bled ;  
'Twas love of thee sway'd high the pond'rous brand,  
Whose brightness gleam'd o'er Egypt's wastes of  
sand ;

The love of thee glow'd on the Iberian plain,  
And Gallic valour ply'd the sword in vain.  
Land of my sires, land of the brave, the free,  
Dear is thy welfare, dear thy fame to me ;  
And oh ! wer't mine with heav'n-taught minstrel's fire  
To wake to living lays th' Aonian lyre,  
Ev'n from the shade where Toil's vex'd children stray,  
For Scotia's weal would rise th' eternal lay ;  
Devote my heart to hopes that whisper Heav'n,  
My songs to thee, to thee my fame were giv'n.

When toil'd thy warriors on the fields of Spain,  
And changeless vict'ry bless'd the long campaign,  
When mirth o'er Brussels reign'd with frolic sway,  
Till veil'd in clouds, arose th' eventful day,  
Whose muffl'd beam t' assembled nations show'd  
The last dread efforts of the scourge of God,  
Then had I sung of thee, but then I stray'd  
A truant school-boy, through the forest glade;  
And though with daring hand the lyre I strung,  
Harsh were its tones, and rude th' unstudied song.  
Yet on such theme had all my cares been vain,  
Had ev'ry muse conspir'd to bless the strain;  
For giant Bards then sway'd the mighty lyre,  
And sung of fight with all the warrior's fire;  
He to whose strains Flodden's dread echoes rung,  
And he who died where first the muses sung.

The fight is o'er, yet gentler themes of praise,  
With still small voice demand the Poet's lays;  
When learning triumphs, when the march of taste  
Scales the bleak hill, and gains upon the waste,  
Till toil, delighted as the tool he plies,  
Marks the bright scenes of early time arise,  
Cons what the Greek, and what the Roman sung,  
Or scans each cause from whence their glories sprung;  
Say, shall the bard withhold th' approving strain,  
And his lov'd land deserve the song in vain?

Of old, when death had quench'd the Patriot's fire,  
The classic muse arose and struck the lyre ;  
In living splendour glow'd th' awaken'd flame,  
A quenchless beacon on the steeps of fame.  
Of old the muse, the teacher's part essay'd,  
And useful arts with matchless skill display'd ;  
Each rule of life in Homer's lay survives,  
The godlike Theron's skill in Pindar lives,  
Horace instructs to raise th' Aonian strain,  
And Maro sung t' enrich the lab'ring swain.  
Not mine the skill to teach, not mine the lyre  
Whose breathing strains could wake a smother'd fire ;  
Far easier tasks my feeblér efforts claim,  
To address the tutor'd, fan a living flame.  
And yet this bosom owns the sick'ning fear  
Of Monia's jibe, and Crito's frown severe ;  
It sure were sad to live, hope's solace flown,  
Like Quirno, fam'd for tuneless verse alone.

My timid fears confess'd, ah, why that smile !  
Oft lovely hopes my weary hours beguile,  
And, O ! did cruel scorn its pow'rs essay,  
In cheerless gloom these hopes would melt away.  
Yet mean the suppliant verse, if weak and low  
Of him whose hopes are high, the numbers flow,  
Keen eyed contempt her rightful prey shall claim,  
Till kind oblivion hides the wretch from shame.

But, if fair genius string th' obedient lyre,  
If ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace inspire,  
Then should the scoffer spurn the lofty strain,  
He dares a champion to the listed plain ;  
Ev'n he who scorns may live the butt of scorn,  
A theme of laughter to an age unborn.

Sons of my native land ! 'tis yours to trace  
Each changeless trait that marks the human race ;  
And as th' Egyptian priests with myst'ry fraught,  
By signs, not words of Sphinx and Horus taught,  
So mid your stores, by things, not books ye scan,  
The powers and hist'ry of the mind of man.  
Yon checker'd wall displays the arms of war,  
Of times remote, and nations distant far ;  
Alas ! the club and brand but serve to show  
How wide extends the reign of wrong and woe.  
Ah ! all that man has fram'd his image bears,  
And much of hate, and much of pride appears.  
Quit the sad thought ! by these your stores are shown  
The varying manners various ages own,  
From the lone savage in the forest glade,  
Tir'd with the chace, in thoughtless vacance laid,  
Ev'n to the sage who spans the distant sun,  
Marks how the twinkling stars their courses run,  
Steers straight the bark, no more by tempests driven,  
Joins distant seas, and curbs the bolt of Heav'n.

4

O ! oft in thoughtful mood 'tis your's to stray  
To ruin'd towers, and ob'looks dusk and grey ;  
Lonely to muse o'er wasted shapes sublime,  
Till fades the present, wakes the parted time.  
Oft it is your's to scan the failing page,  
Where sleep the legends of a cred'lous age ;  
Where quaint expressions, tuneless numbers lie,  
And shapes grotesque amaze the curious eye.  
No narrow pride the patient search confines  
To Albyn's wasted towers, and ruin'd shrines ;  
Not to her fame all your regards are shown,  
Not to her records or her muse alone ;  
Yet with more gen'rous warmth the search proceeds  
O'er the lov'd relics of your Father's deeds.

Men of cold hearts, their heads with learning stor'd,  
(Men who, when Nero reign'd, had life endur'd,)  
Admire dull ashes, hate a living flame,  
And praise the Roman when the Scot they blame.  
Their dull affections to no country bound,  
In cold indifference range the world around ;  
Alike unfix'd where flows yon mountain stream,  
Or giant *Ætna* lifts his voice in flame.  
Tell me what feats your sage cold sept have wrought,  
Declare your deeds ye men of sober thought !  
And I will tell you why one Brutus bled,  
When Freedom smil'd, and one when Freedom died,

---

Why the first Edward's hosts were vainly brave,  
 Why Philip fail'd when Drake essay'd the wave,  
 Why rude Helvetia bless'd the bow of Tell,  
 And why Hesperia droop'd when Riego fell.  
 Nay ! 'tis not wisdom prompts the heartless sneer,  
 Man of the schools, your logic fails you here ;  
 The deeds of Rome no nobler flame confest,  
 Than that which glows in Scotia's dauntless breast :  
 One common source of each th' achievements claim,  
 A love of virtue, and a thirst for fame.  
 Wretched that land must be no Patriot loves,  
 Whose scenes unblest no gen'rous feeling moves ;  
 There toils the slave, th' unhappy tyrant there  
 Trembles and frowns, imparts and feels despair.  
 O ye deep learn'd in all th' events of time !  
 The deeds of ev'ry age and ev'ry clime !  
 Ev'n did the sweetest muse your loss impart,  
 Yet would I spurn the lore that chills the heart :  
 That bids the slave cringe to his wretched lord,  
 And chills the Patriot's flame, and blunts the  
     Patriot's sword.

Yes, I will boast, though angry scholiasts chide,  
 And heartless wits with stingless jests deride,  
 That first these eyes the light of Heav'n beheld,  
 Where Fingal's might invading Rome repell'd.  
 Tell me ye learn'd, for ye the world have tried,  
 From Thibet's wastes to blue Cimb'raco's side,

Vacant and weak there sits the idiot boy,  
Of pain scarce conscious, scarce alive to joy :  
A thousand busy sounds around him roar ;  
Trade wields the tool, and commerce plies the oar,  
But all unheeding of the restless scene,  
Of toil he nothing knows, and nought of gain :  
The thoughts of common minds were strange to  
him,

Ev'n as to such a Napier's thoughts would seem.  
Thus as in men, in peopl'd states we find  
Unequal pow'rs, and varied tones of mind ;  
Timid or dauntless, high of thought or low,  
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm, or fraught with fire they  
glow.

And as the Sculptor's art is better shown  
In Earian marble, than in porous stone,  
Wreaths fresh or sear'd repay Refinement's toil,  
As genius owns, or dulness stamps the soil.  
Where isles of coral stud the southern main,  
And painted kings and cinctur'd warriors reign,  
Nations there are who native worth possess,  
Whom ev'ry art shall court, each science bless ;  
And tribes there are, heavy of heart and slow,  
On whom no coming age a change shall know.

The swarthy Indians mid their fields of maze,  
Scorch'd by the sun, not warm'd by nobler rays,

As their inglorious years from youth to age,  
In dull repose, brute love, or cruel rage;  
Nought of romance their boist'rous passions tame;  
No love of song is theirs, no thirst for fame;  
Nought draws their footsteps from th' accustom'd  
range;

No varying fashion bids their manners change;  
Ev'n as the shaggy pest that wastes their fields,  
To them experience nought of wisdom yields;  
Ev'n as the spring whose tides unvarying flow,  
As liv'd the sires, so live the children now.

Not thus were Scotia's sons, with genius fraught;  
From age to age roll'd down their tide of thought,  
Ev'n as the hill-born, spring-fed river flows  
On to the main, and broad, and broader grows.  
See how it swells! along its busy marge  
Sweeps the war galley, and the gilded barge.  
Oft in eccentric maze these eddies play'd,  
Danc'd to the sun, or slumber'd in the shade,  
Or rous'd to felon ire, with tyrant sway,  
Swept flow'ry meads and wooded mounds away.  
But now that stream, scarce half its journey o'er,  
In idle wrath no longer wastes the shore;  
Nor in the lazy pool ignobly sleeps;  
Nor o'er the dizzy cliff in thunder leaps:  
Deep, broad, resistless, white with many a sail,  
With even course it cheers the peopled vale;

Blithe labour toils, resounds the Fisher's song,  
Commerce exults as floats his bark along,  
Slow climbs the column gay, and sculptur'd fame,  
And creeps the city o'er the less'ning plain.

No more the sword on Scotia's hills is bar'd,  
In her deep vales no shouts of war are heard,  
No sharpen'd spear is fix'd the rest within,  
The lov'd applause of beauteous dames to win,  
No more in Gothic fanes the pompous rite,  
Does evil fiends or wand'ring ghosts affright;  
Her's now the fame of arts that call on praise,  
The scholar's deep research, the poet's lays,  
Her's all the lore of Greece, and loftier still,  
The lore erst taught on Sion's awful hill.

Forgive th' untutor'd muse; 'tis her's to stray  
On devious paths, far from th' intended way:  
She yet may learn to hold a steadier course,  
Nor waste on idle freaks her native force.

'Tis your's each relic of the past to hoard,  
The warrior's rusted mail, and wasted sword,  
The rounded targe, the helm that gleam'd afar  
Its mimic lightnings through the clouds of war,  
'The sparkling bracelet, once the maiden's pride  
Whose love to win brave knights their peers defied,

The cross which demons fled and spectres pale,  
The sacred chalice, and the sculptur'd seal.

Amid his store, care wrings the miser's heart,  
And anxious doubts their sick'ning fears impart ;  
No lofty thought, high soaring o'er the rest,  
Bids gen'rous ardour fire the felon breast ;  
To earth's dull trash his low affections cling,  
Ev'n to himself he lives a worthless thing,  
Ev'n to himself seem his lov'd treasures vain,  
Gather'd with bitter toil, and kept with pain.  
Not thus ye feel, when plac'd amid your store,  
Ye turn with careful hands each relic o'er,  
Wrecks of the dead ! awakes the bye-past time,  
Lurid, and dusk, and throng'd with shapes sublime ;  
The tourney champion dares, the beacon flames,  
Slow stalks the pageant, bright the falchion gleams,  
Rests in her antique bow'r the maiden fair,  
Wild music flows and banners float in air.

Long be it your's each nameless joy to know  
Which thought-depicted scenes like these bestow.  
'Tis no mean wish—in vain may fortune bless  
The tribe accursed whom anxious cares distress ;  
But they whom pleasing thoughts to joy excite,  
Happy shall live—happy in fortune's spite.  
O ! what was life to me, a cheerless wild,  
Dark, rough, and lone, till fancy rose and smil'd ;

Then died each wasting care ; I follow'd glad,  
While here with mem'ry, there with hope she stray'd  
Ev'n now she comes ; awake ye pow'rs of song !  
And bid her scenes, else transient, flourish long.

Wide spreads a wooded land, steep hills arise,  
Deep lonely lakes reflect the azure skies,  
Brown streams descend, and on an iron coast  
In clouds of foam the mountain waves are toss'd.  
Land of my birth ! these hills and lakes are thine,  
The brown swift rivers, and the restless brine ;  
But where thy cultur'd fields, thy cities where,  
Thy seats of learning, or thy domes of pray'r ?  
Deep stillness reigns, repress'd the voice of morn,  
Yet hark ! from yonder wood the echoing horn ;  
A thousand sounds new wak'd assail the ear,  
Lo ! from the thicket bursts the startled deer,  
A thousand warriors, light of foot, pursue,  
Quivers the spear, and twangs the stubborn yew.

Dost see that rustic hall ! lo, at the bound  
Where azure skies clasp the blue hills around,  
By winds unvex'd, for calm the breezes lie,  
The pillar'd smoke gains on the morning sky.  
There dwells the hunter king,—some savage lord  
Who sways the truncheon o'er a barb'rous horde ;  
Wav'ring yet fierce, oft wrapt in wild excess,  
A man in fight, a fiend, if vict'ry bless :

ah, still, the chiefs untam'd whose fitful sway  
 The savage men of savage wastes obey.  
 O! 'tis not this with Selma's mighty lord,  
 Is the strong arm,—his the relentless sword ;  
 As mild his soul ev'n as the summer show'r  
 That falls unseen when day's fierce heats are o'er ;  
 The wakeful peasant hears the patt'ring leaves,  
 And thinks of waving fields, and weighty sheaves  
 No meteor flash, O King ! the spotless fame  
 Thy bard for thee from other times shall claim :  
 Ev'n as the flame that crests yon mountain's brow  
 When on thy coasts pours down th' insidious foe,  
 And arm thy warriors—such shall be the light  
 Of Fingal's gen'rous soul, and awful might ;  
 When half the records of the learn'd have fail'd,  
 And peaceful arts o'er deathful arms prevail'd.

But lo ! the southern hill is rough with spears,  
 Rank urging rank, a countless host appears ;  
 Adown the steep, ten thousand warriors wind,  
 And thousands more come issuing from behind :  
 Still pours the living tide, its heavy flow  
 Seems ceaseless as the stream that toils below.

O 'tis the Roman comes ! th' unyielding host  
 That mourn no foul defeats, no battles lost ;

Foes of the brave, yet war's dread sons are they,  
Foes of the free, yet foes to tyrant sway ;  
They come ! they come ! haste to the rolling main !  
The swords are bar'd were never bar'd in vain :  
Haste, launch the bark ! O seek some distant shore  
The Roman comes, and Freedom's reign is o'er !

Now fades the scene ; and now the orb of night  
Casts o'er the savage waste a doubtful light :  
The day has closed, O, 'twas a day of fear !  
The din of war no more assails the ear,  
No voice is heard—lo ! on the battle plain  
The recreant fox stalks silent o'er the slain :  
'Tis stillness all ! where have the vanquish'd fled ?  
Heaps lie on heaps, are all our warriors dead ?  
See, to the north, the sod no vestige bears  
Of hasty flight, nought of pursuit appears.  
Land of the free, all, all thy sons are slain ;  
Not one survives to crouch and wear the chain !

But, has the victor with the vanquish'd died ?  
No strains of mirth arise, no shouts of pride,  
No eagle standard o'er the field is rear'd,  
Nor sounds the footfall of the watchful guard,  
Nor in the pale cold ray of night appears  
The wall of bucklers, or the wood of spears.

Say pour the legions of the conqu'ring foe  
O'er Scotia's northern wastes the tide of woe !  
O ! what can court them to th' unlovely wild,  
Where weeps the maid bereav'd, and sireless child ?  
There vain the sword, there none the sword essay,  
All, all who bravely dar'd have pass'd away.  
Where rest the foe ? no answ'ring echoes come ;  
Where orb of night th' unyielding hosts of Rome ?

Broken, dispers'd, dismay'd, the invaders fly  
On to their wall,—they toil, they bleed, they die ;  
No friendly covert in their flight they find,  
And terrible the sword that gleams behind.

Go baffled spoiler ! seek on other fields  
Th' inglorious wreath, an easy conquest yields ;  
Think of the past ! the Gaul was brave in vain,  
Carthage has fail'd, and Athens wears the chain ;  
Then raise the obelisk, bid the medal shine,  
Bating one little spot, the world is thine.

Who wakes the harp ! on yonder cheerless waste  
The deep notes mingle with the mountain blast ;  
Loud, and more loud across the wild they pour,  
Was ever strain so sad and sweet before !  
And lo, the bard ! his straggling locks are grey,  
In vain for him is pour'd the beam of day,

His giant limbs the chills of age invade ;  
Brown is his helm, and brown his pond'rous blade.  
Wand'rer on life's last verge, the past for him  
Has many a charm, the present day is dim,—  
Dim to his heart as to his eye the ray,  
For all his early friends have pass'd away.  
Lonely he sings where mid the rustling heath,  
Four mossy stones mark out the house of death ;  
There sleep the brave, his long last home is there,  
Who fought to save, and conquer'd but to spare.

Who wakes the harp ? years have not stole away  
Aught of his soul, though thin his locks and grey ;  
The dull pale hue of age his cheek has fled ;  
Like morn's first beam it glows a hectic red,  
While rolls each sightless orb ;—the tutor'd lyre  
Yields all its sweetness to the master's fire ;  
Of war he sings,—blue shielded hosts engage ;  
The minstrel glows with all the warrior's rage ;  
Louder and bolder swells th' unfetter'd strain,  
And rocks and hills repeat the tones again.

Ah ! not unheard is Ossian's thrilling song,  
The shades of heroes round their minstrel throng ;  
Not echo's voice alone repeats the sound  
From silent rocks, and voiceless hills around ;  
Not in that rush is heard the torrent's moan ;  
Nor in these murmurs speaks the blast alone ;

Wrapt in their viewless robes the dead are near,  
And 'tis th' applause of parted shades ye hear.

But lo ! a man of thoughtful brow appears,—  
Not Albyn's mien, nor Albyn's garb he wears ;  
From distant lands the bold advent'rer came,\*  
Bold, but no giant limbs support his frame ;  
His sword, if e'er 'twas his the sword to sway,  
Shot no appalling gleam in battle day :  
Though o'er his face oft flits a peaceful smile,  
Wasted with thought he seems, and spent with toil.  
O ! it is his suffering unmov'd to bear,  
Not death itself for him has aught of fear ;  
His God his trust and joy, he dar'd the wave,  
Wilds, woods, and streams his brother men to save :  
Faith is his theme, he tells of sins forgiv'n  
Through Him who died on earth and reigns in Heav'n.

His well-known tread the minstrel's ear has caught,  
And swells the noble song with loftier thought :  
The battle glows, shields ring, and falchions clash,  
Winds swell, wild thunders roar, and lightnings  
flash ; †

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\* Ossian's Address to the Caldee, in his Calthion and Colmal.

† Temora, Book viii.

Circled by Heaven's own fire, Fingal is there,  
 Streams on the blast the warrior's heavy hair ;  
 Onward he strides, recedes th' astonished foe,  
 While rise wild shrieks of pain, and groans of woe ;  
 Dark showers descend, lash'd by the tempest's wing ;  
 Grey wreaths of mist enshroud the warrior king ;  
 And still the tumult swells,—on, heroes, on !  
 The aged Fingal braves the fight alone !  
 The clang of steel bursts from the meteor wreath,  
 The kings are there, and there the strife of death.—  
 Why sinks the strain ? Cathmor's dread might is low,  
 And Ossian sorrows o'er the gen'rous foe.

As fade the meteor lights of northern skies,  
 The vision fades, and straight new scenes arise.  
 Ah ! land of woe, thine many an ill to share,  
 Still rings thy buckler, still thy blade is bare.  
 While yet th' invader's flight we trace in gore,  
 The Danish keel assaults the wasted shore ;  
 The cottage flames, yon leagur'd tower around  
 Deep groans of woe, and shouts of war resound :  
 Again the battle joins, the invaders fail,  
 And call for safety to the rising gale ;  
 Recedes the shore, the curling breezes play,  
 Ignobly safe the spoiler hastet away.  
 Ah ! land of woe ! and yet complaint were vain,  
 No life of peace is their's who spurn the chain :

The slave may rest him when his task is o'er,  
Safe as the lizard in the forest bower ;  
No falchion o'er him woos the beam of Heav'n,  
Nor e'er to wasting flame his roofs are giv'n ;  
Yet wastes his soul, as if 'twere taught to feel  
The rage of angry flames, and ruthless steel :  
Desolate it lies a sad unlovely scene,  
Crowded with coward fears, and shapes of pain ;  
Languid its hopes, repress'd its virtues lie,  
The lash resounds, and hark th' unmanly cry !

Ah ! small thy skill my muse, and weak thy strain,  
Too sure I feel thy lyre is swept in vain ;  
With all the warmth of truth the visions glow,  
But rough, and faint, and dull the numbers flow :  
Lost in a maze of words the colours lie,  
And scarce an-outline greets the practis'd eye.  
With other thoughts than these I wak'd the lyre,—  
With other hopes I bade the muse inspire ;  
The sorceress Fancy wav'd her magic wand,  
And liv'd the worthies of my native land,  
Murmur'd her forests, stretch'd her wastes of brown,  
Skirted with foam her streams came tumbling down,  
Her pathless cliffs assail'd an azure sky,  
Vales, lakes, and seas rush'd on the wand'ring eye.  
But now these visions fade,—my mortal lay,  
Its voice once coldly heard, must pass away,

Ev'n as the breeze that on the wintry wild  
Sung to the stream, ere spring arose and smil'd.

Fain would I sing how Wallace fought and bled ;  
How toil'd the Bruce ere baffled faction died ;  
How Heav'n's own sons sever'd the Papal chain,  
When dungeons yawn'd; and fagots blaz'd in vain ;  
How sainted Cargil dar'd the fierce Dalzell ;  
And how the faithful mourn'd when Cameron fell.  
And there are bards of Scotia's earlier days,  
Whose numbers roughen, and whose fame decays,  
Whose wit uncouth little of mirth can give;  
For scarce the embers of their flames survive ;  
These would I sing ;—but ah ! my feeble song,  
No minstrel's failing fame shall e'er prolong ;  
Nor o'er the warrior shed fresh rays of fame ;  
Nor from the Saint imbibe a purer flame.  
Sons of my native-land ! long have I stray'd  
A lonely wand'rer in th' unnotic'd shade ;  
Wak'd to a round of toil when wakes the day,  
And scarce releas'd when dies the light away ;  
Too sure it is of me the Fates require  
To sway the mallet, not to wake the lyre.  
Cease anxious thought; content has smoothed the pen  
Fancy's fair hues o'er the rough scene are cast ;  
Th' untutor'd muse, though rude her numbers flow  
Controls each vague surmise that bodes of woe ;

At midnight hour for her the gloom has smil'd,  
And glow'd each scene when wintry blasts prevail'd,  
Ev'n in that love I bear my native soil,  
A pleasure dwells that smooths the brow of toil ;  
Friends in the rocks, the hills, the streams, I find,  
Ev'n glow the flowers with soul, the trees with mind,  
And fancies high, for me, and thoughts sublime  
Perch on the mossy fanes of ancient time.

All, all I see or hear some joy inspires,  
Burn in my breast a thousand fadeless fires ;  
The chills of grief to quench these flames essay,  
A moment flies, these chills have pass'd away ;  
Ev'n as the morning dew that gem'd the flower,  
When day's fierce orb sends forth his beam of power.  
Land of the brave, the learn'd, the wise, the free,  
Dear is thy welfare, dear thy fame to me :  
O! though my songs shall ne'er increase that fame,  
Ne'er shall my deeds emblush thy cheek with shame :  
Want, dire disease, and toil, their pangs may give,  
But he who fears not death unblam'd may live.  
Confirm my trust in thee, thou King of Heaven,  
For strength is his to whom thy pow'r is given.

O! pleasant 'tis to thread unvex'd by strife,  
The secret tracks of the deceiving life,  
Unknown, unfam'd, time's dubious span to pass,  
And hope in partial quiet for active bliss,—

Bliss in a land where nought of woe is found,  
Where fadeless pleasures urge the ceaseless round,  
Where all seem pure, though all the heart display,  
Fair without pride, and without madness gay.

## GLORY,—AN ODE.

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF DAVID AND ASAPH.

Why blooms so fresh that bloody wreath  
Of triumph o'er the slain !  
O why unceasing swells the breath  
Of glory, false and vain !  
Why of Heaven's curse thus madly proud !  
Since first our woes began,  
The sharpest, heaviest scourge of God,  
Proves man's wrath wreak'd on man.

Think of that foe to peaceful men,  
Him of the crimson'd sword,  
Whom tremb'ling monarchs sued in vain,  
And godless men ador'd :  
Rush'd he to war—the battle shout,  
The groans of death arose,  
Till wild dismay in coward route  
Scatter'd that conqueror's foes.

Lo ! from Siberia's wolds the blast  
Storm-fraught, comes driving on,  
Prostrate, beneath its fierceness cast,  
That conqueror's strength is gone.  
His strength is gone, his locks are shorn ;  
Again he seeks the field,  
But backward is that warrior borne ;  
His well-prov'd legions yield.

Around you isle the wild winds sing,—  
Wild foams the angry main ;  
There pines retir'd a wretched thing,  
A man of care and pain.  
His dusky brow is clouded o'er,  
Yet mute the voice of woe :—  
Ha ! poor dethroned god of war,  
Where are thy thunders now ?

Thine many deem a coward part,  
Man of the lone abode !  
And see a mortal's failing heart,  
But not the hand of God,  
That mighty hand stretch'd o'er thy head,  
In many a deadly fray,  
Through floods of gore, o'er hills of dead,  
Urg'd thy resistless way.

The little kings fled from their thrones,  
Or lay beneath them bound ;  
Whilst thou, as little, heard their groans,  
And glory deem'd the sound.  
Glory ! but was that glory thine,  
Or his who call'd thee forth ?  
Thyself a mean and guilty thing,  
To scourge a guilty earth.

A brand grasp'd by an arm of might ;  
A bolt by archer thrown ;  
A pawn mov'd in the game of fate,  
By power not its own :  
The brand is sheath'd, the game is o'er,  
The bolt has wing'd its way ;  
Ah ! what art thou, rest of thy pow'r ?  
A lord whom none obey.

Be God, the God of Hosts ador'd ;  
Though fierce his anger burn,  
Though ruthless conquerors ply the sword,  
And wretched captives mourn :  
While terrors fill his awful hand,  
Still is his mercy near ;  
He bled who rules th' avenging brand,  
Pierced by th' avenging spear.

And are those weak and foolish men  
Reckon'd, or brave, or wise,  
Who deem the blessed Gospel vain,  
And Heaven's best gift despise ;  
Who glory in th' unholy strife,  
And praise the men of blood.  
Scorning th' Incarnate, for his life  
Was spent in doing good.

Be wise my soul ! the calms of peace,  
For strife thou fain wouldst flee,  
And, heard from far, war's horrid voice  
Is music oft to thee.  
O ! wouldst thou be, and deem thee blest,  
A low and guilty thing,  
Like Alexander of the East,  
Or Sweden's iron king ?

How join'd these gods th' unglorifying dead ?  
Would such their thrones resign ?  
Ha ! whether speeds that ball of lead ?  
Why glows that cup of wine ?  
Than they who spake and empires fell,  
In Heaven's predestin'd hour,  
That ruddy cup, that little ball,  
Assum'd a mightier pow'r.

Be wise my soul ! and, O ! to Heav'n  
Still be thy pray'rs address'd,  
Vile as thou art, to thee is given  
A life no fears molest ;  
Thou hast not shrunk the sword beneath,  
Nor wav'd the sword on high,  
Nor trembl'd on the edge of death,  
Nor bade the vanquish'd die :

Nor smoking hut, nor ravag'd plain  
With grief or joy hast seen ;  
Nor sought, nor was besought in vain,  
Nor scourge, nor scourg'd hast been.  
But thou art vile ! why rests the spear  
From tinge of crimson free ?  
O ! glory be to him who bare  
The spear's sharp wound for thee :

LINES WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF  
A DEAR FRIEND.

Through crowded streets, Diog'nes held his way,  
And blaz'd his torch though flam'd the orb of day.  
A man he sought,—to bear that honour'd name,  
Earth's common son's had urg'd a baseless claim.  
Spirit to aid ere drooping virtue fail'd,  
Warmth to oppose when tyrant vice prevail'd,  
To wisdom, wit, and fire to sense allied,  
Worth, courage, thought, that lofty name implied:—  
A man he sought where throng'd the shapes of men  
And wond'ring Athens saw the search was vain.  
The bold in battle, and the loud in pray'r,  
Scholars and Priests, Sages and Bards were there,  
Art, power, and zeal, and courage firm and high,  
Yet all in vain—he pass'd unheeding by.

Ah! thus, the Cynic lash'd each vulgar aim,  
The lust of power, the quenchless thirst for fame :  
Though valour triumphs, though proud talents blaze  
To dreaded scorn the selfish aim betrays ;

O'er the vain pageant all the virtues frown,  
And idiot folly twines the wreath alone.  
But ah ! if conscious, from the sculptur'd prison  
Where guards the dog,\* that awful sage had risen,  
Of later times each sinuous aim to show,  
His search had ceas'd with him who sleeps below :  
Had ceas'd his wit with truths' keen'gibes to move,—  
Croma had given what Athens fail'd to give

And art thou gone, friend of my early day !  
And has thy spirit pass'd from earth away !  
Ah ! when in sad and thoughtful mood I cast  
The glance of mem'ry o'er the checker'd past,  
In every scene where comfort has a share,  
My friend, my more than father, thou art there.  
How sad the wreck that ruthless death has made !  
A heap of sordid dust, an airy shade  
Is he, whom late to ill no force could bend,  
The kind companion, and the gen'rous friend,  
The wise to think and act, the prompt to feel,  
Or grief, or joy, at others woe or weal.

When stern oppression braves the indignant sky,  
Of front elate, proud heart, and cruel eye,

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\* " There was erected beside his (Diogenes) tomb a dog of Parian marble."—*Fenelon's Life of Diogenes*.

O ! if with keen desire this bosom burns  
To dash the monster to the earth it spurns ;  
O ! if I deem too low for serious hate  
The sordid wealthy, and the little great ;  
O ! if recoils my soul from Mammon's strife,  
If soars my spirit o'er the ills of life,  
If grandeur's heights with sober eye I scan,  
And rate by morals, not by wealth the man,  
To thee, to thee each better thought I owe,  
Th' indignant feeling, and the gen'rous glow.

And art thou gone ! in vain the muse essays,  
For him she lov'd the lyre of honest praise ;  
A doubtful sound the slacken'd strings afford,  
Her flowing tears have damp'd each languid chord.

Now falls the night, and hark ! the hollow breeze,  
Sweeps the scant stream, and bends the fading trees,  
Mournfully slow their giant arms they wave,  
And the torn foliage strews thy lowly grave—  
The shower descends,—half craz'd by thought, to me  
Weeps the vex'd clouds, and moans the blast for thee;  
For thee the trees their leaves untimely shed,  
And winter comes to mourn the honour'd dead.

## ODE TO WILLIAM.

The straits of youth we've pass'd, the wave  
Before lies spreading wide ;  
Doubtful our course, yet hoist the sail,  
And catch the fav'ring tide.

Fav'ring? we know not where it leads,  
For darkness broods before ;  
But this we know, all care is vain,—  
Vain ev'n the pilot's lore.

See, all unharm'd, the careless skiff  
Is drifting o'er the main,  
While skill bemoans his sinking bark,  
And prudence toils in vain.

The seaward sky is dark, the blast  
Is driving fiercely by ;  
Wild from the distant storm is heard  
The drowning sailor's cry.

But bright our little barks around.  
The rainbow-dolphins sport,  
And as secure we tilt the waves  
As him who rides in port.

Then wide unfurl our streamers bright,  
Let all show glad and gay ;  
'Twere surely vain to mourn the ills  
That wait some distant day.

Tell me, my William, why does grief  
The moody bosom cark ?  
Why steer so far from brother men  
Thy solitary bark ?

'Twere sure unwise to seek the storm,  
Or court the bolt of Heaven ;  
And as unwise to cherish woe  
When peace and joy are given.

Friendship has many a soothing charm  
To glad the evil day ;  
Say, wherefore steer a lonely course,  
From every friend away ?

When sweeps the blast of dire mishap,  
When wintry tempests rave,

No eye shall turn to heaven for thee,  
No pray'r becalm the wave.

And should the wrathful billows close  
In darkness o'er thy head,  
For thee no sorrowing wail would rise,  
No dirge lament the dead.

Say, steer you thus your course alone  
To sigh o'er fictitious woe ?  
The time may come when real ill  
Shall force the tear to flow.

Say, have thy wanton hopes beguil'd ?  
Thy trusted friend betray'd ?  
Or pin'st thou for the meed of fame ?  
Or frowns some beauteous maid ?

Say, does the stern unheeding wave  
Thy truest friend enfold ?  
Say, dost thou pine for vulgar joys  
That rich ones buy with gold ?

Or say, secure in youthful might,  
Fight you the wave alone ?  
Alas ! the wild, rough, stubborn wave,  
A conqueror owns in none.

Your heart is hope-beguil'd, if slight  
Yon gath'ring tempests seem ,  
The ills of life you little know,  
If light these ills you deem.

O ! crush'd these pond'rous ills beneath,  
Once groan'd th' Eternal one ;  
Ev'n He whose hand sustains the sky,  
And rolls the mighty sun.

But 'tis not this you think, oft heaves  
The half suppressed sigh,  
His heart is proud who dares the wave,  
His baseless hopes are high.

Tell me my William, why does grief  
Thy moody bosom cark ?  
Why steer so far from brother men  
Thy solitary bark ?

## ODE TO THE NESS.

Child of the lake whose silv'ry gleam  
Cheers the rough desert dark and lone,  
A brown, deep, sullen, restless stream,  
With ceaseless speed thou hurriest on.  
And yet thy banks with flowers are gay,  
The sun laughs on thy ample breast,  
And o'er thy tides the zephyrs play,  
Though nought be thine of quiet rest.

Stream of the lake ! to him who strays  
Lonely, thy winding marge along,  
Not fraught with lore of other days,  
And yet not all unblest in song,  
To him thou tell'st of busy men  
Who madly waste their present day,  
Pursuing hopes baseless as vain,  
While life untasted glides away.

Stream of the lake, why hasten on ?  
A boisterous ocean spreads before,

Where dash dark tides, and wild winds moan,  
And foam wreaths skirt a cheerless shore ;  
Nor bending flowers, nor waving fields,  
Nor aught of rest is there for thee,—  
But rest to thee no pleasure yields ;  
Then haste and join the stormy sea.

Stream of the lake, of bloody men  
Who dare the guilty fight to try;  
Who seek for joy in mortal pain,  
Music in misery's thrilling cry,  
Thou tell'st ; peace yields no joy to them,  
Nor harmless pleasures golden smile ;  
Of evil deed the cheerless fame  
Is all the meed that crowns their toil.

Ah ! not like thine, if pleasure shone,  
Stream of the deep and peaceful lake,  
His course, whom hardship urges on  
Through cheerless waste and thorny brake,  
Would be,—each pleasing scene he loves,  
And peace is all his heart's desire ;  
And ah ! of scenes where pleasure roves,  
And peace, could gentle minstrel tire.

Stream of the lake ! for thee await  
The tempests of an angry main ;

A brighter hope, a lovlier fate  
He boasts whose present course is pain.  
Yes, ev'n for him may death prepare  
A home of pleasure, peace, and love ;  
Thus bless'd by hope, little his care  
Though rough his present course may prove.

## PSALM CXXXIX.

Lord thou hast searched this heart, hast known  
Each 'parted wish, each vanish'd care,  
What stamp my present musings own,  
And what the form they yet shall bear.

Ev'n from my lips no murmurings flow,  
But lo, thou know'st each whisper'd word;  
And shields thine arm where e'er I go;  
Above, around me reigns the Lord.

Such knowledge is supremely high;  
Can clay-press'd thought its heights attain?  
Abash'd I veil the dazzled eye  
That scans these dizzy heights in vain.

Where shall I from thy Spirit hide?  
Say, from thy presence whither fly?  
Lo, thou art there, if heaven I tread,  
Lo, there, if stretch'd in hell I lie.

If on the morning's wings I soar,  
Or dwell where rolls the lonely sea,  
Thy watchful arm shall shield me o'er,  
Thy right hand hold and comfort me.

From thee, I said, darkness shall shroud  
The things which veil'd beneath it lie ;  
Vain thought ! to thee night's blackest cloud  
Is bright as morn's empurpled sky.

While yet a formless nameless clod  
In kindred earth unmark'd I lay,  
Known were my members all to God,  
As when I walk'd in open day.

Yea, known when in earth's deepest gloom  
My dull material part was made ;  
Yea, known when in my mother's womb  
Thy cov'ring o'er this frame was laid.

How wond'rous, Lord, the gifts thou 'st given,  
This heaving breast and sparkling eye,  
This soul whose musings rise to Heaven,  
With longing hopes and wishes high.

How precious are thy thoughts to me ;  
Can human tongue the sum declare ?

The sands that skirt the pathless sea  
In number sink beneath compare.

And live there of the race of men,  
Weak creatures of earth's mould'ring sod ?  
Whose idle tongues unstaid and vain,  
In reckless mirth assail my God.

They mock ev'n Thee whose glorious might  
In little part the heavens display,  
When cloudless reigns the spangled night,  
Or flames the 'fulgent orb of day.

Ah ! live there of earth's fallen race  
Who weakly proud thy mercies spurn ;  
Who waste their day of proffer'd grace,  
And fearless bid thine anger burn.

Ere flames thy wrath on earth below,  
O ! be thy Spirit pour'd on me ;  
And I will deem the wretch my foe  
Who casts his idle threats at thee.

Search me, O God ! O try my heart !  
Try ev'ry thought, each keen desire,  
And bid each evil wish depart,  
And warm my heart with holy fire.

do thou guide me, O my God,  
in that fair path which leads to heaven ;  
ere cheer'd by thee the Saints have trod,  
their griefs solac'd, their sins forgiven.

## GREECE.—AN ODE:

*Written short after the surrender of the Acropolis.*

## I.

Alas for hapless Greece ! again

The dark clouds gather round her head ;  
Her Byron's lyre was swept in vain,  
In vain her children bled.

A meteor crescent blaz'd on high,  
With baleful influence scatt'ring death ;  
Of nerveless hand and rayless eye,  
Lost to each 'nobling energy,  
Cecropia pin'd beneath.

When fail'd that crescent's with'ring ray,  
I turn'd to hail a rising sun ;  
But clouds obscur'd the orb of day ;  
Alas ! its glories died away,  
And scarce its course begun.

## II.

Alas for Greece ! the Muses' well  
Is chok'd with many a corse, and red with gore ;  
On their cloud crested hill no more  
Th' affrighted maidens dwell.  
Alas for Greece ! though Heaven has shed  
A double halo round her head,  
Though graven deep her deeds of fame,  
Her ships are sunk, her fields are red,  
Her towers are wrapp'd in flame.  
The tyrant's brand is whirl'd on high,  
The Moslem hosts are gath'ring round,  
Red lightnings flash athwart the sky,  
Low thunders rock the ground.

## III.

Alas for Greece ! the sacred tomb,  
The gay arcade, the sculptur'd wall,  
Again partake her children's doom,  
Yea, share her second fall.  
Of mild Refinement's reign they told,  
Of mighty deeds perform'd of old,  
Of him who taught, and him who bled,  
When science smil'd, or glory led.

Now sunk in earth the sacred fane :

O'er thee, O Greece, is darkness shed !

Thy daughters soil'd, thy warriors slain :

Alas ! can mortal arm again

Exalt thy lowly head !

#### IV.

Alas for Greece ! but not alone

For wretched Greece the tear shall flow ;

Adorn'd by glory's brightest zone,

Her fame shall sooth her woe.

But thou proud home of wealth, for thee

Heavy the Patriot's heart must be ;

O where that gen'rous spirit fled

Which rose a kindred faith to shield,

When o'er full many a crimson'd field

Sweden's best warrior led ! \*

Say, dark of spirit, hast thou sold

The souls of men for sordid gold,

And plied each art of niggard trade,

When hapless patriots toil'd and bled ;

And filled thy coffers o'er the dead.

---

\* Gustavus Adolphus.

## V.

Rouse thee, O Greece ! a fearful sign  
Is pictur'd on the awful sky ;  
Ruin awaits the Moslem line,  
Mahomet's faith shall die !  
The falchion cleaves the turban'd head,  
The Koran's darken'd page is torn,  
And Turkey's streams are rolling red  
With blood of the unborn.

Arise ! arise, ye visions gay  
Of awful Heaven's predestin'd day !  
Fast gleams the brand, the Moslems fall  
Death struck, behind the 'leagured wall,  
The gilded mosque is flaming high,  
Resounds the victor's ardent cry,  
The vulture's beak is soil'd and red,  
And reels the tyger drunk with blood.

## VI.

Alas for hapless Greece ! again  
The dark clouds gather round her head ;  
Her Byron's lyre was swept in vain,  
In vain her children bled.  
But vengeance loads the coming gale,  
And ere the tyrant grasps the rod,

His soul shall shrink, his strength shall fail  
    Beneath the brand of God !  
Repose my lyre ! thy artless strain  
Shall court the ear of taste in vain,  
But Heaven can shine on Greece and thee,  
'Till priz'd the one, the other free.

## ODE TO MY MITHER TONGUE.

I lo'e the tones in mine ear that rung  
In the days whan care was unkenn'd to me ;  
Ay, I lo'e thee weel my mither tongue,  
Though gloom the sons o' lear at thee.  
Ev'n now, though little skill'd to sing,  
I've rax'd me down thy simple lyre ;  
O ! while I sweep ilk sounding string,  
Nymph o' my mither tongue, inspire !

I lo'e thee weel my mither tongue,  
Nane ither sure can match we thee !  
Thine were the strains my nourice sung  
Whan pleas'd I sat on the careful knee.  
Ah ! he whose loss I'll aye bewail,  
Aft sooth'd in thee my sorrows vain ;  
Alas ! that heart sae warm and leal,  
Suld lie in the cauld unlovely main.

Of hue diverse my minutes fled  
Whan I was feckless young and sma'

An' now much checker'd o'er my head  
Life's riper years flit fast awa';  
For pain, my mither tongue, an' grief  
Comes mony a weary way to me;  
What makes these pains an' sorrows brief?  
The friendly solace pour'd in thee.

I lo'e thee weel my mither tongue,  
An' a' thy tales, or sad or wild;  
Right early to my heart they've clung,  
Right soon my dark'ning thoughts beguil'd.  
Ay, aft to thy sangs o' a lang syne day,  
That tell o' the bluidy fight sublime  
I've listen'd, till died the present away,  
An' return'd the deeds o' departed time.

An' gloom the sons o' lear at thee?  
An' art thou reckon'd poor and mean?  
Ah! could I tell as weel's I see  
O' a' thou art, an' a' thou'st been!  
In thee has sung th' enraptur'd bard  
His triumphs over pain and care;  
In courts an' camps thy voice was heard,  
Aft heard within the house o' pray'r.

In thee, whan came proud England's might  
Wi' its steel to dismay, and its gold to seduce,

Blaz'd the bright soul o' the Wallace wight,  
 And the patriot thoughts o' the noble Bruce.  
 Thine were the rousing strains that breath'd  
 Frae the warrior bard ere clos'd the fray,  
 Thine whan victory his temples wreath'd,  
 The sang that arose o'er the prostrate fae.

An' loftier still, the enraptur'd saint,  
 Whan the life o' time was glimm'ring awa,  
 Joyful o' heart, though feeble an' faint,  
 Tauld in thee o' the glories he saw  
 O' the visions bright o' a' coming life,  
 O' angels that joy o'er the closing grave,  
 An' o' Him that bure turmoil an' strife  
 The 'children o' death to succour an' save.

An' aft whan the bluid hounds track'd the heath,  
 Whan follow'd the bands o' the bluidy Dundee,\*  
 The sang o' praise, and the pray'r o' death,  
 Arose to Heaven in thee.  
 In thee whan Heaven's ain sons were call'd  
 To sever ilk link o' the papal chain,  
 Thunder'd the ire o' that champion bauld†  
 Whom threat'nings an' dangers assail'd in vain.

---

\* Viscount Dundee.

† Knox.

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Right bauld an' slee were Fergie's lays,  
An' roar'd the laugh whan Ramsay sung  
But wha without a tear can name  
The swain this warl' shall ne'er forget !  
Thine mither tongue his sangs o' fame,—  
'Twill learning be to ken thee yet.

For him wha now essays the lyre  
That thrill'd sae sweet in bye-gane time,  
Scarce hauffins warm'd wi' minstrel fire,  
An' little skill'd in 'lear o' rhyme,  
What meed remains? hope that his sang,  
Rude though it be, an' harsh I ween,  
May shaw fu' lang my mither tongue  
That neither weak thy muse nor mean.

## ELEGY.

O ! saftly sighs the westlin breeze,  
Through floweries pearl'd wi dew ;  
An' brightly leims the gouden sky,  
That skirts the mountain blue.  
An' sweet the birken trees amang,  
Swells mony a blythsome lay ;  
An loud the brattlin burnie's voice  
Comes soundin up the brae.

But ah ! nae mair the sweets o' spring  
Can glad my wearied ee ;  
Nae mair the summer's op'ning bloom  
Gies aught o' joy to me ;  
Dark, dark to me the pearly flowers,  
An sad the mavis sang,  
An' little heart hae I to roam  
These leafy groves amang.

She's gane ! she's gane ! the lovliest maid !  
An' wae o'erpressed I pine ;

The grass waves o'er my Myra's grave,—  
 Ah ! ance I ca'd her mine.  
 What ither choice does fate afford,  
 Than just to mourn an dee !  
 Sin' gane the star that cheer'd my sky,  
 The beam that bless'd my e'e.

At gloamin' hour along the burn,  
 Alane she loe'd to stray,  
 To pu' the rose o' crimson bloom,  
 An' haw-flower purple-grey.  
 Their siller leaves the willins wav'd  
 As pass'd that maiden by ;  
 An sweeter burst the birdies sang  
 Frae poplar straight an' high.

Fu' aften have I watch'd at e'en  
 These birken trees amang,  
 To bless the bonny face that turn'd  
 To whare the mavis sang ;  
 An' aft I've cross'd that grassy path  
 To catch my Myra's e'e :  
 O soon this winding dell became  
 A blessful haunt to me.

Nae mair a wasting form within,  
 A wretched heart I bore ;

Nae mair unkent, unlov'd, an' lone,  
The warl I wander'd o'er.  
Not then like now my life was wae,  
Not then this heart repin'd,  
Nor aught of coming ill I thought,  
Nor sigh'd to look behind.

Cheer'd by gay Hope's enliv'ning ray,  
An warm'd wi' minstrel fire,  
Th' expected meed that maidens smile,  
I strung my rustic lyre.  
That lyre a pitying muse had given  
To me, forwrought wi' toil ;  
She bade me wi' its simple tones  
The weary hours beguile.

Lang had it been my secret pride,  
Though nane its strains might hear ;  
For ne'er till then trembl'd its chords  
To woo a list'ning ear.  
The forest echoes to its voice  
Fu' sad, had aft complain'd,  
Whan mingling wi' its wayward strain  
Murmur'd the midnight wind.

Harsh were its tones, yet Myra prais'd  
The wild an' artless strain ;

In pride I strung my lyre anew,  
An' wak'd its chords again.  
The sound was sad, the sparkling tear  
Arose in Myra's e'e,  
An' mair I lo'ed that artless drap,  
Than a' the warl' could gi'e.

To wean the heart frae warldly grief,  
Frae warldly moil an' care,  
Could maiden smile a lovlier smile?  
Or drap a tend'rer tear?  
But now she's gane,—dark, dark, an' drear  
Her lang lang sleep maun be:  
But ah! mair drear the years o' life  
That still remain to me!

Whan o'er the raging ocean wave  
The gloom o' night is spread,  
If leims the twinkling beacon-light,  
The sailor's heart is glad.  
In hope he steers, but mid the storm  
If sinks the warning ray,  
Dies a' that hope, an' fails his saul,  
O'erpress'd wi' loads o' wae.

## ODE TO JEANIE.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go  
To whare the white star'd gowans grow,  
Wi' the puddock flower o' golden hue,  
The snaw drap white, an' the bonny vi'let blue.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go  
To whare the blossom'd lilacs grow,  
To whare the pine tree dark an' high  
Is pointing its tap at the cloudless sky.

Jeanie, mony a merry lay  
Is sung in the young leav'd woods to-day ;  
Flits on light wing the dragon-flee ;  
An' hums on the flowrie the big red bee.

Down the burnie works its way,  
Aneath the bending birken spray,  
An' wimples round the green moss stane,  
An' mourns (I kenna why) wi' a ceaseless mane.

Jeanie come, thy days o' play  
Soon, very soon shall pass away ;

Soon shall these scenes, in darkness cast,  
Be ravag'd wild by the wild winter blast.

Though to thee a spring may rise  
Though scenes as fair salute thine eyes,  
An' though fu' mony a cloudless day  
Shall dawn, an' Jeanie be heartsome an' gay ;

He wha grasps thy little hand,  
Nae langer at thy side shall stand ;  
Nor o'er the flow'r besprinkl'd brae  
Lead thee the bonniest an' the shortest way.

Dost thou see yon bed sae green,  
Fenc'd round wi' mony a sculptur'd stane ?  
A few short weeks o' pain shall fly,  
An' asleep in that bed shall thy puir brither lie.

Then thy mither's tears awhile  
May chide thy joy an' damp thy smile ;  
But soon ilk grief shall wear awa,  
An I'll be forgotten by ane an' by a'.

Dinna think the thought is sad,  
Life vex'd me aft, but this makes glad,  
While could my heart, an' clos'd my e'e,  
Bonny shall the dreams o' my slumb'ring be.

## EPITAPH.

*Attempted in the manner of the Scottish Poets of  
last Century.*

Morsel pass'd o'er Death's dark swallow !  
Here lies \* \* \* \* \*, straik'd,—puir fallow !  
A' his whims an' wild moods over,  
Mute the bard, and staid the rover.

Dost thou wish to ken his failings ?  
'Troth guid frien' they werna small anes ;  
Yet though rude, an' wild an' careless,  
There are wiser folk could bear less.

Restless as the restless sea still,  
Puir he was, an' puir wad be still ;  
Warls gear he didna reck it,  
Ev'n his ain he scarce wad seek it.

Puir folk, he saw mean ones press you,  
But alas ! could not redress you ;

Vain folk, he look'd down upon you ;  
Rich folk, he sought naething from you.

Mean heart, gang your ways, forget him,  
But think twice afore ye wyte him ;  
When he breath'd ye durstna' raise him,  
Wretch begone ! nor blame nor praise him.

Warm heart, pass na heedless by him ;  
Brave heart, letna fules decry him ;  
Leal heart, thou hadst sure caress'd him,  
For the blin' wi' gowd might trust him.

What was gude in life he kent it,  
Quiet he lived, an' died contented ;  
Twa three honest bodies mourn'd him,  
A' the rest or blam'd, or scorn'd him,

Here he lies all calm and lonely,  
Loftier brows maun lie as meanly ;  
Blume ye wild field floweries o'er him,  
Birdies wi' your sangs deplore him.

## FRAGMENT.

The night breeze lash'd the angry wave,  
An' swept the clouds alang ;  
An' redly glar'd the rising moon,  
Half sunk the waves amang.  
Like blushing virgin veil'd in white,  
She leim'd through drifting spray ;  
Afore her stretch'd the loud-voic'd main,  
Aboon the cloudlet grey :  
Slowly she rose, the billowy foam  
Confess'd the cheering ray.

O ! mony a shriek that waeful night  
Rose frae the stormy main ;  
An' mony a bootless vow was made,  
An' mony a prayer vain.  
An' mithers wept, and widows mourn'd  
For mony a weary day ;  
An' maidens ance o' blythest mood,  
Grew sad, an' pin'd away.

Safe frae the storm, twa little barks  
 Were moor'd on Cova-shore;  
 Afore them rose the shelt'ring cliff,  
 Wi' th' ivy-bush rustling o'er.  
 Fra irefu' blast an' awsonie wave  
 The boatmen hither sped,  
 An' now secure, asleep they lie,  
 The folded sail their bed.

Asleep! old Malcolm canna' sleep,  
 Aboon the damp dark sail  
 His lang grey locks catch the faint beam,  
 An' rise to the sweeping gale;—  
 The gale which round that ivied cliff  
 Shrieks like the wretched sprite  
 That o'er the mould'ring fleshly cell,  
 Whare a vile foul thing it lo'ed to dwell,  
 Keeps watch the live lang night;  
 Whan the stars are hid in a thick wove cloud,  
 An' trembles the journeying wight.

Slow climbs the moon, twa darksome bars  
 Athwart her face are thrown;  
 Wilder an' louder roars the wave,  
 Still howls the blast through craig an' cave,  
 Ev'n wild as the Tyrant's mean,

Who dies on the field where his myriads yield  
By a patriot few o'erthrown.  
While Malcolm, though he heeds it not,  
(In thought entranced deep,)  
Seems list'ning like a mer-man wild,  
To the tempest's angry sweep.

\* \* \* \* \*

EPISTLE TO WILLIE.

---

He sleeps in dust. Ah how shall I pursue  
My theme ! To heart consuming grief resign'd,  
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,  
And pour my bitter tears.

*Beattie.*

---

My Willie, on youth's flowery way,  
Whan gay we sped, devoid o' sorrow,  
Joy brighten'd up ilk passing day,  
And angel Hope aye claim'd the morrow.  
Nor want we fear'd, nor gear we sought,  
Content had cast her mantle o'er us ;  
An' O my frien' ! we little thought  
That canker'd care kept watch afore us.

But now, launch'd on the voyage o' life,  
Grief, poortith, pain an' ceaseless toilin',  
Froward passion's angry strife,  
An' proud contumely's scornfu' smilin',

Skaith us, wi' mony a trouble mair  
 Keen as the blasts that wreck the sailor,  
 Whan o'er his saul creeps black despair,  
 An' faill's o'er-pressed the heart o' valour.

My lad, our backs are to the wa',  
 We canna tramp our faes aneath us;  
 Ev'n whan without the're conquer'd a',  
 Within they straightway rise to skaith us.  
 Within, without, aboon, below,  
 Their numbers and their might confound us;  
 'Twere sport to meet a single foe,  
 But dare we hope whan hosts surround us?

Too weel ye ken the griefs that wear  
 The lowly wight o' saul wanrestfu',  
 Wha mute the rich man's taunts maun bear,  
 Ay mute, ev'n wi' a burning breastfu'.  
 Too weel ye ken the griefs o' him  
 Whose hopes ance wak'd begin to languish;  
 Life's silly lamp burns cauld an' dim  
 Whan rapture yields to joyless anguish.

Ye ken the curse o' being puir;  
 But Willie's heart can warstle wi' it,  
 Till starvin' worth comes to the door,  
 An' craves the aid he canna gi'e it.

O ! a' the ills o' a lowly fate  
 Ye ken, an' whan unheard deplore them :  
 As lang's there's aught to love or hate,  
 Its no in man to triumph o'er them.

Too weel the sick'ning cares ye ken  
 O' him wha toils fra dawn o' mornin',  
 An' sees at night ilk labour vain,  
 Tiresome ay, an' ay returnin'.  
 Vain ! aye my Willie, surely vain,  
 Toil merely gi'es the means o' livin';  
 Toil hauds in life wi' grief an' pain,  
 An' life gi'es space for toil an' grievin'.

Ah ! heavy round, ah ! bonny sward,  
 How quiet are they thy daisies cover !  
 Aneath nae voice o' grief is heard,  
 Though stern misfortune tramples over.  
 Ah ! peaceful sleep, ah ! desp'rate strife,  
 Beat back ev'n till each hope has fled us,  
 Yet tied to wae for tied to life,  
 Whare shall we flee—whare shall we hide us

Whan Pleasure o'er our young hearts threw  
 Her lovely robe o' summer lightness,  
 The bonny past still bonnier grew,  
 An' glow'd the coming day wi' brightness.

Say, shall we court our auld frien' Hope?  
 Or in the lovely past forget us?  
 Na! dark regret finds double scope  
 In haunts where joy, had wont to meet us.

Fra outward skaith we weel might flee;  
 O! if in lonesome desert hiding,  
 Nought could we feel, or hear, or see,  
 O' hatred's wrang, or scorn's deriding.  
 But much I fear ag. restless fæ,—  
 Aye mair than ane ev'n there wald track us,  
 An' quiet itsel' were silent wae,  
 Did conscience sting, or passion rack us.

The tane ye ken delights to dwell  
 In hearts whare evil dwelt afore him;  
 The tither's strength 'twere vain to tell;  
 O! few can boast dominion o'er him.  
 I've kent them baith, I dread them sair,  
 Ah! Willie R——, my frien' an' brither,  
 The tane's dread scourge can mortal bear!  
 An' 'tis right hard to rule the tither.

What ills are ours, if these we ken!  
 Now count the joys o' war's treasure;  
 The pow'r o' aiding honest men,  
 Suld be itsel' a Heaven o' pleasure.

What bliss to see th' oppressed sinner  
 Come creeping for protection near us !  
 What joy to see th' oppressors a',  
 By mony a lesson taught to fear us !

But not for us such joys my lad,  
 An' this—but weel ye ken the matter ;  
 The careless han' mair learn to hand,  
 Aye hand an' catch afore it scatter.  
 Yet could we thus, the miser's lust  
 As swell'd our gains might swell within us,  
 'Till scoundrel tricks seem'd fair an' just,  
 An' misery's story fail'd to win us.

Drunk we the pride o' high degree,  
 Ye see the dauted sons o' fortune  
 Cast o'er the puir a scornfu' ee,  
 An' careless hear the wretch importune.  
 They look fu' gay, an' laugh fu' hie,  
 But trust me Willie, pleasure flies them !  
 The joy they can but winna gie,  
 Wi' awfu' justice Fate denies them.

Fortune's horn-cup o'erflows for them,  
 By sport not toil their hours they measure ;  
 Yet shameless aft' i' the haunts o' shame,  
 They tread the paths o' guilty pleasure.

Care dogs their steps wi' tireless pace,  
 Remorse an' pain keeps watch afore them,  
 An' half-gates in the felon race,  
 Lo ! Death casts his dark mantle o'er them.

The rich man's life's a life o' wae,  
 Why suld his weel-earn'd sorrows movè us ?  
 The puir, oursels are surely sae,  
 An' wha for gude-need aid or love us ?  
 Virtue's fair wreath can mortal claim ?  
 Ah ! 'tis a thought 'twere hard to smother,  
 How that in low an' selfish aim,  
 The rich may ea' the puir man brither.

In narrower scope his follies play,  
 But why ? lo, palsied want confounds them ;  
 A narrower front his crimes display,  
 But why ? lo, "scant occasion" bounds them.  
 Ah Willie ! o'er this weary erd  
 Triumphant Crime waves her black bannet,  
 An' rich an' puir share like reward,  
 Stung by the fiends that wait upon her.

" But why thus ca' the miseries up  
 That ane by ane had wont to wound us ;  
 If harsh be sorrow's scantiest cup,  
 Her fountain streams maun sure confound us.

Tell rather how the bye-past time  
 Is brighten'd by the brave man's glory ;  
 O triumph tell, and fame sublime,  
 An' 'twill be bliss to list the story,

" Tell rather how the soothing muse  
 Guards the leal heart 'gainst the warl's scornin',  
 An' bids ilk nobler feeling rouse,  
 E'en till night wears the blush o' mornin'  
 The trembling heart-felt joys proclaim  
 That bliss the fond enraptur'd lover ;  
 Or tell o' friendships' soberer flame,  
 That steadiest light on life's dark river.

" Search but for bliss, this warl maun shaw,  
 Or thousands lie, the tracks o' pleasure ;  
 An' sure the pow'r to trace them a'  
 Is yours, and is itself a treasure.  
 An' virtue too, why thus disclaim  
 Your sceptre o'er the sens o' folly ?  
 Why desp'rate court the warl's black shame ?  
 Puir child o' peevish melancholy."

Willie, such soothing strains might woo  
 My heart, an' win, but cease my brither ;  
 Life's stream delights the eager view,  
 Whan careless youth sits at the rudder ;

But soon black rocks, and raging waves,  
An' angry blasts make direfu' sailin',  
While echo frae Death's thousand caves,  
Mocks the tir'd sailor's bootless wailin'.

The lover's joy, the star o' fame,  
The muse, the bliss that waits upon her,  
The ray that gilds the warrior's name,  
The tags an' toys o' boastfu' honour,  
Are shades that on the calm smooth wave  
Shine bonny as the northern streamer;  
But they fade an' die whan the wild blasts rave,  
An' leave to wae the waken'd dreamer.

There reign'd a King in ancient time,  
The wisest ever sway'd a sceptre;  
His deep sly saws, an' sangs sublime,  
Shine bright on the fair page o' Scripture.  
An' he, the wyliest sure o' men,  
For bliss tried ilka scheme o' livin';  
But he faund at length his labours vain,  
An' life a scene o' crime an' grievin'.

At length his tearfu' eyes he rais'd  
O'er this black warl an' a' its mourning;  
An' saw, frae low saul'd doubts releas'd,  
Fair beams o' joy the Heavens adornin':

The pleasures o' an endless day,  
The ends for which kind Heaven had made him  
He saw—Hope rose to cheer his way,  
An' straightway ilka sorrow fled him.

But ah ! if misery wait on crime,  
Then maun I look for pain and sorrow ;  
Already frown the ills o' time,  
How ward those o' th' eternal morrow ?  
Hark ! wherefore burst that rapt'rous swell ?  
Why are the night's dark shadows riven ?  
“ A Saviour sought the depths o' Hell,  
That such as thee might rise to Heaven.”

The classic lyre o' ancient Greece  
Pour'd strains that sway'd ilk restless passion ;  
The fair Italian's silv'ry voice  
Delights the sons o' rank an' fashion ;  
An' aft e'en the sad bosom swells  
Whan flow auld Scotia's rapt'rous measures ;  
But these are tame to the strain that tells  
O' pardon'd sins an' coming pleasures.

Willie, to care nae langer tied,  
Nae langer for this warl's wrack toilin',  
Nae mair skaith'd by the frowns o' pride,  
Or proud contumely's scornfu' smilin'.

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My cares, my hopes, my wishes climb  
To reach that frien' wha reigns above me;  
Truth's best perfection dwells in Him,  
An' He has sworn to aid an' love me.

Willie, I ken you lo'e my strain  
Just for mysel', now hear me brither:  
The fate wha joys in mortal pain,  
Has vow'd we maunna dwell thegither.  
Sens roar atween us, mountains rise,  
An' gush braid streams, wi' much to sturt us,  
Ah! soon decay our unshar'd joys,  
An' lang our unsooth'd sorrows hurt us.

But whan life's flame, now could an' dim,  
Bursts frae the ert that circles round it,  
If we believe an' trust in Him  
On whom alone true hope is groundit.  
We baith shall meet to part nae mair,  
Our day shall dread nae darksome morrow,  
We' nought to wish, wi' nought to fear,  
Frae chances or fate, frae pain or sorrow.

Willie, farewell! the Scottish muse  
Stane wond'rin' at the truths I teach her;  
Unskill'd wi' such the heart to rouse,  
She fain wad see the rustic preacher.

nd now she's gane—a day may rise—  
Down earth-born hope, artfu' deceiver !  
hough Fame attends the Scottish muse,  
I neither scorn nor court her favour.

## SONNET.

On earth there live men who detest the lyre,  
Ev'n as the mole detests the solar ray ;  
Like her, through sordid paths they love to stray,  
Like her's their hearts cleave to their native mire,  
Like her for trash they toil with foul desire :  
Yet to these heartless men the Muses' lay  
Wrought good ; and o'er the mole's unlovely way  
Beams the bright sun with life-protecting fire ;  
If died that sun th' ungrateful mole would die,  
Wedge'd cold and ice-bound in the flinty soil ;  
And had no Muse on earth vouchsaf'd to smile,  
Through forests dorn these wretched men would hie  
Untam'd, and knowing nought, save how to kill  
Their savage brethren of lone wild and hill.

# THE BOATMAN'S TALE,

## A LEGENDARY POEM

IN FIVE PARTS.

——— to messmates laid along  
Some son of Neptune, whose old wrinkled brow  
Has bay'd the rattling thunder, tells his tale.

*Ferguson.*



## THE BOATMAN'S TALE.

## Part First.

The summer waves are dancing bright,  
The sun is warm and high,  
No breeze is wand'ring o'er the deep,  
No cloud is on the sky,  
And o'er the sea right merrily  
With helm and oar we hie.

Turn round our bows, my weary men,  
Furl up the flapping sail;  
We'll moor our bark in Marquis bay,  
And wait the ev'ning gale :  
In Marquis bay, where the sea gulls play,  
Is neither surf nor swell.

Heaven shield thee Fisherman, thy face  
Is waxing deadly wan ;  
Didst ever see so pale a cheek !  
What ails thee ancient man ?

Heaven help thee Fisherman, the sun  
Has ta'en thy strength away,  
Thy little strength, for thou art old,  
Thy locks are thin and grey.

"It is not toil that pales my cheek;  
Though thin my locks and hoar,  
There's few can hoist a heavier sail  
Or pull a stronger oar;  
'Tis a dark thought, that all unsought,  
Wanders my mem'ry o'er.

Beneath yon grey storm-beaten rock,  
Dost see a little mound?  
Where trailing plants are spreading gay,  
And desert flowers abound.

That little grassy mound beneath  
Lies honest Walter Hogg;  
A better man ne'er hove the lead,  
Nor reckon'd by the log.

Far had he wander'd in his youth  
O'er many an ocean wave;  
A fearless and a hardy man,  
In storm and battle brave;  
In age he found beneath that mound  
A solitary grave.

Come, let us moor our little bark  
And to his grave repair ;  
If ye will list my simple tale,  
'Twere best to hear it there.

It is a tale of death and dread,  
A solemn dark and drear :  
The drag is cast, the oars are stow'd,  
Ashore ! and all shall hear.

The bright sun beam'd on wave and stream,  
And danc'd on sail and oar,  
When I and Walter trimm'd our boat  
On Croma's surfless shore ;  
The south'ren gale just fill'd our sail,  
And on to sea we bore.

I ween a heedless youth was I,  
Reckless, yet warmly kind ;  
Of boastful strength, of agile limb,  
And gay unsettl'd mind.

Though Walter's locks were grey, his arm  
Was stronger far than mine :  
Thrice had he brav'd the polar wave ;  
Twice had he cross'd the line.

Much did I joy to hear him tell  
Of storm and battle broil,  
Of savage beast, and savage man,  
And surf encircled isle :  
Ah ! well content with Walter Hogg  
Was I to rest or toil,

That day the guiding helm he held,  
His look as wont was high ;  
Yet some forboding spirit quench'd  
The keen glance of his eye.

And though adown his thoughtful brow  
Did fall the grizzled hair,  
I well could mark a gloomy cloud,  
Brooding in darkness there.

Walter, I said, why thus so sad ?  
I long to hear thee tell  
How Blake unfurl'd his ancient broad,  
And cannons peal'd, and rockets glow'd,  
Till Tromp's proud besom fell.

Bethink thee when thy comrade's child  
Plunged in the midnight wave,  
How from the dark and raging deep,  
'Twas thine its life to save.

And how its mother wept for joy,  
And how its father pray'd,  
And how a lighter heart was thine  
Than wassail ever made.

Bethink thee when the Bully dar'd  
On thee his jest to break,  
How in thy wrath the boasters back  
Was dash'd against the deck.

Bethink thee when thy Captain fell,  
And comrade's courage fail'd,  
How thrice thy cutlass clear'd the deck,  
And thrice the foe prevail'd.

And how a captive long you lay  
In dungeon dark and dull;  
Prithee cheer up! why man, thou look'st  
As if a captive still.

A little smile play'd o'er his cheek,  
A moment pass'd,—'twas gone;  
He heav'd a half suppressed sigh,  
But sentence utter'd none.  
Now from afar the ev'ning star  
Glimmer'd the waves upon.

We lower'd the sail, we shot our nets,  
The boat swung to the tide ;  
Walter and I sat in the stern,  
And there were none beside.

The day-beam died, the little stars  
Were twinkling one by one,  
When down I flung me on the sail,  
A discontented man.

I flung me down, I wrap'd me round,  
I pillow'd up my head ;  
Still Walter darkly stood aloof,  
Nor would he share my bed.

## THE BOATMAN'S TALE.

## Part Second.

Just as my eyes in slumour clos'd,  
A murmur low and deep  
Came sounding on my startled ear,  
"O William do not sleep!"

I rais'd me up, bright in the sky  
Flicker'd the boreal beam;  
Fearful on Walter's face it shone,  
With green and sickly gleam.  
He look'd like the sp'rit that strays at night  
O'er deep and dang'rous stream.

"O William do not sleep," he said,  
In low and solemn key,  
"This is the last calm hour of life  
That you may watch with me;  
Why start! be calm my friend and hear  
A tale of destiny

“ Last night I toss’d upon my bed,  
Nor rest, nor peace could find ;  
For many a wild and fev’rish thought  
Was passing o’er my mind ;  
And many a scene of by-past pain,  
Yet still I felt resign’d.

“ I rose to pray, for such my wont  
When trouble presses sore ;  
But mind so void, and heart so cold,  
I never prov’d before.

“ I kneel’d me down, I strove to pray,  
I rais’d my eyes to Heaven,  
But oh ! I felt (the thought is vile)  
Like papist-wight in limbo isle,  
Who left the earth unshriven.

“ The night was calm, but distant far  
On Rieach’s rocky shore,  
I heard the ocean billow beat,  
With hollow sullen roar.  
Clear, clear and high, a cloudless sky  
The night’s fair circlet bore.

“ The little waves were playing round  
The pebbles smooth and blue ;

“ And many a slimy ocean star  
Its tiny radiance threw ;  
Glitt’ring beneath the white foam wreath,  
Of green and sapphire hue.

“ The scene was calm, but wild and high  
Still boil’d my fev’rish blood ;  
A restless and a des’late man,  
On the calm shore I stood

“ Alone, my dull and listless gaze  
Fix’d on the rising tide,  
When on that sea, right suddenly,  
A little cloud I spied.

“ Straight over wave, and rock, and stone,  
With noiseless speed it bore,  
’Till in a curling silv’ry mist  
It spread along the shore.

“ Between me and the breezless sea  
Silent and calm it lay ;  
The wave was breaking at its edge,  
Like fringe on mantle grey.

“ As when in Ethies craggy dell  
The blast is piping loud,

" Howling around the fractur'd cliff,  
And through the leafless wood,  
When shrill and high the Kelpy's cry  
Blends with the roaring flood.

" Such was the murmur drear and shrill,  
That struck my startl'd ear ;  
And straight full many an airy shade  
I saw that cloudlet bear.

" Ah William ! there were faces there  
This world no more shall see ;  
Faces that in life's early day  
Were known, and dear to me.

" Many were there who died in fight,  
And many there who lie  
Within the Chapel's hallow'd bounds,  
Peaceful and silently.

" I could not name the mighty name  
That demons quake to hear ;  
I could not pray, my tongue was tied,  
Each better thought was scatter'd wide ;  
I shook for very fear.

" And now less troublous wax'd the voice  
That seem'd of storm to tell,

" And on my startl'd ear the tones  
Of a wild ditty fell.  
William, I cannot quit one word  
Of that strange song of hell.

" I know not, if I should repeat  
That song, or thou shouldst hear,  
But even now some busy fiend  
Seems whisp'ring 't in mine ear ;  
'Twas thus it ran, half sung, half said,  
In measure quick and clear.

" Thou wast a sailor in thy youth  
In regions distant far ;  
Didst ever track the comet's course ?  
Or round the polar star ?

" Thou wast a traveller in thy youth ;  
Say hast thou ever trod  
The ice-wastes that in Saturn lie,  
Where dim and cold is the day beam high,  
And the stars are bright and broad ?

" Didst ever ride on thistles' beard ?  
Or sleep in heather bell ?  
Didst ever thread the winding cave  
That darkens o'er the bubbling wave  
Of Bennet's sainted well ?

“ Didst ever through the summer air,  
When bees were humming nigh,  
Mount on the spiders thread, and chace  
The gaudy dragon fly ?

“ It boots not Walter, for with us  
Ere wanes another night,  
O'er tower and town, and hill and plain,  
O'er lonely isle, and spreading main,  
Thou rov'st a wretched sprite.

“ Such were the gay, yet fearful words,  
That rose, I knew not whence ;  
No lip was mov'd, each phantom stood,  
Moveless as corse in linen shroud ;  
Yet every eye a feeling shew'd  
Of tort'rous scorn intense.

“ Yet still I fainted not, a strength  
By desperation giv'n  
Inspir'd my soul, my eyes I rais'd,  
And cried aloud to Heav'n.

“ The holy name escap'd my lips,  
Trembled that spectre band.  
As oft in better days I've rush'd  
Upon the blazing brand,

“ Dashing aside the flower and pride  
Of Belgia's hostile land,

“ I onward strode ; I pray'd aloud,  
I nam'd the holy name,  
The cloudlet grey was roll'd away,  
With loud and piercing scream.

“ Straightway, nought save the breaking wave,  
The moon ensilver'd tide,  
The ocean lights, the distant hill,  
And the twinkling stars I spied.”

## THE BOATMAN'S TALE.

Part Third.

O ! it is drear, fearfully drear,  
When moaning breezes sigh,  
In haunted tower, at midnight hour,  
Alone, awake to lie.

And O ! 'tis sad when o'er the wave  
The raging storm has pass'd,  
To mark the sailor's bloated corpse  
Drive on before the blast.

But ah ! more sad, more darkly drear  
'Twas in that bark to be,  
When neither ship nor boat was seen  
Upon the lonely sea :  
More dread to hear a tale so drear  
From lips of verity.

To very naught my spirit shrunk,  
My strength and courage fled ;  
O Walter, close thy fearful tale,  
Heart-sick and faint I said.

For though to Walter's fearful tale  
An eager ear I turned,  
My eyes stray'd to the distant land,  
And there a brightly blazing brand  
Like gath'ring beacon burn'd.

It wav'd, it danc'd, though distant far,  
So bright the beam it cast,  
That when I rose my shadow tall  
Was flung against the mast.

Fearful it beam'd, the heaving wave  
Dash'd back the fiery ray,  
As if that darksome night had been  
A calm and sunny day.

O Walter, close thy fearful tale ;  
Dost see on Marquis shore  
That wav'ring light, whose dismal ray  
Gleams all the waters o'er ?

The tide sets in, the wind blows straight  
On Croma's shelt'ring bay.

Haste, cut the swing-rope, hoist the sail;  
O haste ! let's speed away.

“ William, to fear was not thy wont,—  
Where has thy courage gone ?  
I see no light on Marquis-shore,  
No light the waves upon.

“ Yet if in ocean's oozy bed  
Our long dark sleep must be,  
Though tide and wind urg'd on behind,  
To speed us o'er the sea,  
Vain, William, were their blended might,—  
So fix'd is Heaven's decree.

“ And ere the death-hour mark'd by fate,  
Though swells the mountain wave,  
Or thickens round the bloody fight,  
Dwells safety in the tempest's might,  
And blunt the foeman's glaive.

“ Yes ! this I've proved in battle hour,  
When rose the groans of woe ;  
When peal'd the cannon, crash'd the ball,  
And rung the sabre blow :

“ I've seen the foremost scape unhurt,  
And Fate assail the rear ;

" I've seen him live who rush'd on death,  
Him die who fled in fear.

" No thought of death, though dark and drear  
Seems death to mortal eye,  
To-day o'erspread this brow with gloom,  
Or forc'd th' unwonted sigh.

" No William, I have dar'd him oft,  
When dash'd the midnight wave,—  
When wroth and wild the tempest's voice  
Howl'd o'er the sailor's grave.

" Yes, I have woo'd him oft to free  
My soul when sorrow prest ;  
Yes, I have dar'd him mid the fray,  
With bare unshielded breast,  
When blaz'd the brand in warrior's hand,  
The star on warrior's crest.

" But, when I think on Croma's shore,—  
On all I witness'd there  
Of sp'rites unblest with peace or rest,  
Who once my kindred were,  
Fill'd is my soul with a darksome woe,—  
A dreary dark despair.

“ Ah William ! there I mark’d the form  
Of —, one I dare not name ;  
A peerless maiden quiet and shy,  
Of faultless form and modest eye,  
Whose fav’ring smile to rapture high,  
Once fann’d a luckless flame.

“ Ay ! her I hop’d to meet in Heaven,—  
That maid so clear of stain,  
Seem’d like the rest, a sp’rite unblest,  
A thing of woe and pain.

“ Gone is the hope that cheer’d my soul ;  
If Bertha mourns her fate,  
A reckless sailor bold and rude,  
Whose hand has oft been stain’d with blood,  
Can aught save woe await !”

This said, he paus’d, my fault’ring tongue  
Was charg’d with no reply ;  
My soul a strengthless fear possess’d,  
Wildly and frequent heav’d my breast ;  
The tear drops dimm’d mine eye ;  
Death, death I fear’d, Oh ! it appeared  
An awful thing to die.

To lie beneath the raging waves,—  
To lie, nor feel their rage ;

Then of my mother's tears I thought,  
And des'late helpless age.

Fast flow'd the tears adown my cheek ;  
But when by darksome thought  
Each reckless wild, unholy way  
In which I pass'd my youthful day  
Before my view was brought,

The tear shower ceas'd, a boist'rous storm  
Rag'd all my soul within.  
O ! bitter on death's dreary bed  
Must be the thought of sin.

Still, still to Marquis distant shore  
My dazzl'd eyes were turn'd ;  
Still, still on Marquis distant shore  
A fearful beacon burn'd.

Yet to my eyes alone it beam'd,  
To Walter's all was night ;  
His lips were mov'd in silent pray'r ;  
Gleam'd on his face th' unholy glare,  
With red unwarming light.

Silent awhile we sat, and now  
The night breeze died away ;

And o'er the heaven's face was cast  
A skirtless cloak of grey.

Silent we sat, and silent rose,  
The lumb'ring sail to spread ;  
But careless was it smooth'd I ween,  
And hard that night our bed.

## THE BOATMAN'S TALE.

## Part Fourth.

When on his bed in sleep is laid  
Some Lord of kingly pow'r ;  
If shake the hills, if heaves the plain,  
And yawns the earth, and swells the main  
At midnight's darksome hour ;

O ! fearful must his 'wak'ning be,  
To list the crashing fall  
Of palace proud, and turret high  
Of tower and rampart wall.

O ! fearful must the pilgrim wake,  
Who sleeps in Paynim land,  
When on his breast he feels the weight  
Of strong and ruthless hand ;  
And turns his eye to mark on high  
The sharp descending brand.

And think how dread, my brother men,  
To me in slumber laid,  
It prov'd to wake and feel the wave  
Wild closing o'er my head.

To feel the waters closing round,  
And fierce, and loud, to hear  
The roar of waves, the howl of winds,  
The cordage whistling drear.

I rais'd me up, 'twas darkness all,  
The storm was raging wide ;  
And o'er our bows, where hung the swing,  
In wildly dash'd the tide.

And up rose Walter, o'er the sail  
He grop'd his darksome way ;  
Parted the swing, our lab'ring bows  
High o'er the broken wave arose,  
And straight we drove away.

O ! all was dark as dungeon gloom ;  
Nor star, nor meteor gave  
One ray, to mark our little bark  
From the surrounding wave.

Yet glimm'ring on the doubtful sight,  
A shapeless, flick'ring form,

Like wreath of snow, our bark below,  
Round and around us seem'd to go,  
As louder swell'd the storm.

At times in darkness o'er our mast  
It rush'd with rustling flow ;  
Faint roar'd the wave, the blast repos'd,  
For high a-top the billow clos'd,  
And left a vault below.

O ! all was dark as dungeon gloom ;  
Still louder swell'd the roar  
That rush'd above, and howl'd behind,  
And dash'd and rag'd before,  
When gleam'd a light, shadeless and bright,  
On cordage, mast, and oar.

Now mock me not ; our stem upon  
I saw a lady stand ;  
A waxen taper straight and tall,  
She held in either hand :

Her lightly flowing garb appear'd  
Of shining silv'ry green,  
Her face was calmly pale, her eyes  
Were stars of dazzling sheen.

High rose our bows, when pass'd the wave  
Again as low they fell ;  
Yet all unmov'd that lady stood ;  
No sailor man of flesh and blood,  
Had kept her berth so well.

As blew the blast one taper stream'd  
With wav'ring, fitful glare :  
Steady and calm, and bright, and high,  
Like ev'ning star in cloudless sky  
The other caught my wond'ring eye,  
Of beam serenely fair.

The thunders growl'd, the light'nings flash'd,  
The billows roar'd around ;  
Labour'd our bark ; when struck the wave  
She quiver'd, shook, and groan'd.

She shook, she groan'd, she rais'd her stern,  
Low dash'd her prostrate bows ;  
Still when they sunk the lady sunk,  
And when they rose she rose.

At once her quivering taper plung'd  
Amid the quenching wave ;  
Again it rose ; a steadier light,—  
A brighter beam it gave.

But from her hand with careless air  
The star-bright flame she cast :  
A moment from the wave it shone  
Our storm beleagur'd bark upon,  
Then sunk amid the blast.

And straightway growl'd the thunder's voice  
Above our lab'ring bark,  
The lady shriek'd, her taper died,  
And all again was dark.

Yea, dark as death's abhorred vault,  
Or tyrant's lightless cell ;  
And wild and thrilling from the wave  
Arose a deadly yell,  
That night set loose, our course to cross,  
Seem'd all the fiends of hell.

Unstow'd, unfurl'd our sail had lain  
'Till swept a deadly blast,  
With lightning speed, on creaking rings  
It rose against the mast.

Leeward our stag'ring vessel reel'd ;  
I groan'd in hopeless woe ;—  
Up Walter sprang to furl the sail  
“ Haste William ere the waves prevail,  
See, see how fast they flow !”

I track'd his steps, I seiz'd the sail,  
Half waken'd from despair ;  
" Hang heavy Walter ! seize the yard !"  
But Walter stood not there ! !

A sullen plunge the waves among,  
A short and broken cry  
A gurgling sound suppress'd and low,  
Was all the dread reply.

In fear and woe, I shriek'd aloud ;  
I stretch'd my arms to save ;  
But wild my bark was driving on ;  
What could I do, unnerv'd and lone  
Upon a mountain wave ?

Away my headlong vessel drove,  
Before the raging wind,  
But 'mid the wild and stormy wave  
Was Walter left behind.

The lightning flash'd ; its brightness gleam'd  
On rock and foaming shore ;  
Iron-bound and steep the coast appear'd,  
Higher their heads the billows rear'd,  
And dash'd with deaf'ning roar.

A minute more in dread suspense,  
On the steep wave I hung,  
The mountain billow heav'd, it broke,  
With fearful crash against the rock,  
My little bark was flung.

Nought else I saw, above, around  
In wrath the billow roar'd,  
In vain I swam, a tangly wreath  
Fetter'd my limbs, the wave beneath ;  
Exhaust, and half resign'd to death,  
Though death my soul abhor'd,

I flung me down ; a nameless pain  
Awhile perplex'd my breast,  
A dull, incessant, gushing sound  
Awhile disturb'd my rest ;  
These pass'd away, compos'd I lay,  
And every feeling ceas'd.

## THE BOATMAN'S TALE.

## Part Fifth.

As one who fever-prest and faint  
Lies bound in pain and woe,  
Who dull and darken'd in his soul,  
Doth nought distinctly know  
Of present ill, or by-past pain,  
Or Death's impending blow.

So on that beach where sleeps the wave,  
And smiles the unclouded sun,  
Painfully slow I op'd my eyes,  
And saw the waning moon arise  
O'er Moray's mountains dun.

It seem'd a lovely light, yea seem'd  
Queen of a lovely sky :  
The waves were still, the clouds had pass'd,  
And faint and low the sinking blast  
Was wildly moaning by.

Fix'd were my eyes on that bright moon ;  
Each thought was scatter'd far,  
It seem'd, I ween, a lovely light,  
Reigning alone, though clear and bright  
"The jewels of the Ethop night"  
Beam'd many a twinkling star.

My thoughts were scatter'd, ev'n my name  
In sooth I could not say ;  
What chill'd my blood I could not tell,  
Nor why, nor where I lay.

But, oh ! my head was sorely pain'd,  
My limbs benumb'd and bound ;  
For many a tangly ocean weed  
Was wreath'd these limbs around.

And o'er my cheek, so blanch'd and cold  
Did flow the thick'ning gore,  
Adown my neck it trickled slow,  
And spread my bosom o'er.

I strove to raise my hand, its strength,—  
Its wonted strength was gone ;  
Alas ! in helpless suff'ring laid,  
Stretch'd on a rough, and weary bed,  
No voice to sooth, no hand to aid,—  
To aid or cherish none,

I prov'd it sad in pain to to lie  
All des'late and alone.

Yes, all alone ! of Walter's fate  
Returning mem'ry told,  
What Heaven had mark'd to be my own  
Save Heaven could nought unfold ;  
I only knew that still I liv'd,  
Wounded, and faint, and cold.

The silv'ry moon was mounting high,  
A pale cold light it threw,  
In one fair strip the waves along,  
Which dancing to the Mermaid's song,  
Calmer and brighter grew.

I heard that song, dreary and long,  
Yet wildly sweet and clear ;  
Oft from this coast its echoes smite  
The 'nighted sailor's ear ;  
Thoughtful and sad he bends his head,  
And deems misfortune near.

It swell'd as swell'd the little breeze  
That fann'd the ocean wave,  
The wild, the dreary requiem sung,  
O'er Walter's watery grave.

Not long his grave—where rests the wave  
Yon shapless stones around,  
Ere winter came, by shepherd boy  
His sore bleach'd corse was found.

'Twas deeply gash'd by pointed crags,  
And mid the locks so grey,  
The small pale limpets of the rock,  
And sharp ridg'd muscles lay.

Sad was the morn to old and young,  
When here in narrow bed,  
Far from the voice of psalm and pray'r  
His mould'ring corse was laid ;  
O ! many tears in the by-gone years  
Have o'er this mound been shed.

Trust me, no common man is he,  
Whose loss makes many mourn ;  
O kind of heart was Walter Hogg,  
Wise, brave,—but to return.

Again I clos'd my weary eyes,  
Each feeling died again ;  
No more these hollow cliffs prolong ,  
The Mermaid's wildly echoing song ;  
Or catch the groan of pain.

And lo ! I dream'd a wondrous dream ;  
In painless strength I stood,  
Seem'd at my feet on Marquis-shore,  
The shatter'd plank and mast and oar,  
Of vessel storm-subdued.

White, glimm'ring far amid the wave,  
I mark'd a lonely sail ;  
Her every-sheet seem'd broadly bent  
To stay the sinking gale.

On Marquis-shore her bows were set,  
Ploughing the ocean dark ;  
A flick'ring beam the streamer seem'd  
Of that resplendent bark.

Her sails were white as summer cloud,  
Her mast a boreal ray,  
A fiery star bedeck'd her prow,  
Begemm'd with light her stern below  
The circling eddies play.

With more than tempest speed she sail'd,  
She near'd the craggy shore,  
And sweet and high an Angel-song  
The wave came wafted o'er.

Unlike the Mermaid's fearful lay  
Of peace and joy it rung ;  
Ah ! well I knew no tempting fiend,  
No woe-press'd spirit sung.

Before me tilting o'er the wave,  
That phantom vessel rode,  
And o'er me wav'd, though slept the breeze,  
Her pennon bright and broad.

Now mark me ; on her silv'ry deck  
Unharm'd did Walter stand ;  
And on each side, and round behind,  
There watch'd a seraph band.

The rainbow of the shower ye've seen,  
The dazzling sun ye see ;  
O ! orbs and hues of heaven alone  
To the good may liken'd be,  
When they doff their garb of fragile clay  
To bathe in eternity.

And lovely was the smile that dwelt  
On Walter's placid face ;  
'Twas—but 'twere vain to strive to tell,  
For words can ne'er express

The beauty of that sinless smile  
Of perfect happiness.

“ William,” he said, “ my storms are o’er,  
And quell’d my deadliest foe ;  
Calm rest my bones the waves beneath ;  
My soul shall never taste of death,  
Nor aught of suff’ring know.

“ Th’ unholy fiends of woe essay’d  
One cup of grief to give ;  
For sad they saw that in short space  
Mine were the joys above,  
And (for ’twas wrapp’d in sordid clay)  
This soul they much did move.

“ But least when sailing o’er the deep  
At midnight, thou shouldst fear,  
All it befits thee for to know  
Of these sad spirits, hear :

“ O, think not they had aught of pow’r  
My fate to make or mar,  
Nor yet that of my parted friends  
The wretched shades they were.:

“ Fate ’s but a name, for Heaven’s high will ;  
O ! who can cope with Heaven !  
And to my friends as were their deeds,  
Mis’ry or bliss was given.

“ Thou sure hast read in Heaven’s own book  
(O search that volume well !)  
How that of old the seraph tribes  
Grew proud and did rebel ;  
And how that from the height of Heaven,  
To deepest woe they fell.

“ Of these the band whose dark presage  
Did sore my heart dismay ;  
Yet harmless in the lonely wood,  
And in the storm are they.  
But ah ! right fearful, though scarce fear’d,  
When in man’s heart they stay.

“ O dread them when the wanton smiles,  
And when the bowl is set ;  
O dread them when thy heart is glad,  
And when thy cheeks are wet :

“ Dread them when much misluck is thine,  
Or much prosperity ;

“ For passions wild of joy or woe  
To them right friendly be,  
When fixed is the felon heart  
On this world's vanity.

“ But if on Heaven thy trust be laid,  
To fear thou dost not well,  
For stronger is one Christian man  
Than all the fiends of hell.

“ 'Twas mine to die, yet wherefore grieve,  
To thee a space is given ;  
Yes, thine the trustless joys of Earth,  
And mine the bliss of Heaven.

“ Weary and few thy days must be,—  
On earth can comfort dwell ?  
No ! trust in Heaven, prepare for death,  
Be virtuous,—fare thee well !”

The vision fled, I rais'd my head,  
The flowing waves were nigh ;  
In kingly strength the harvest sun  
Beam'd from the middle sky.

And o'er me scream'd the carrion crow,  
And shriek'd the ocean gull,

And ceaseless wheel'd on pinion fleet.  
The hawk of eager bill.

But see, across the ocean wave  
Faint sweeps the rising gale ;  
Let's haste aboard ! pluck up the drag,  
And hoist, and trim the sail.  
" Old man I wéen the day has pass'd  
The lighter for thy tale."

## ODE TO THE CONAN.

Conan, fair flow'd thy mountain stream  
Through blossom'd heath and rip'ning field,  
When, shrunk by summer's fervid beam,  
Thy peaceful waves I first beheld.  
O ! calm they swept thy winding shore  
When harvest's mirthful feast was nigh,  
When breeze-borne, with thy soften'd roar  
Came mingling sweet the reaper's cry.

But now I mark thy angry wave  
Rush headlong to the stormy sea ;  
Wildly the blasts of winter rave,  
Sad rustling through the leafless tree ;  
Loose on its spray the aller leaf  
Hangs, wav'ring, trembling, sear, and brown,  
While dark thy eddies whirl beneath,  
And white thy foam comes floating down.

Thy banks with wither'd shrubs are spread ;  
Thy fields confess stern winter's reign ;

And gleams yon thorn with berries red,  
Like banner on a ravag'd plain.  
Hark ! ceaseless groans the leafless wood ;  
Hark ! ceaseless roars thy stream below.  
Ben-vaichard's crest is dark with cloud ;  
Ben-wevis' crest is white with snow.

And yet though red thy stream comes down,  
Though bleak thy circling hills appear ;  
Though field be bare, and forest brown,  
Though winter rules the waning year,  
Unmov'd I see each charm decay,  
Unmourn'd the sweets of autumn die ;  
And fading flower, and leafless spray  
Court, vainly court, the thoughtful sigh.

Not that dull grief delights to see  
Vex'd nature wear a kindred gloom ;  
Not that she smil'd in vain to me,  
When gaily prankt in summer's bloom.  
O ! much I lov'd at even-tide  
Through Brahan's lonely woods to stray,  
To mark thy peaceful billows glide,  
And watch the sun's declining ray.

But yet, though roll'd thy billows fair  
As e'er roll'd those of classic stream,

Though green each oak, now dark and bare,  
Wav'd calm to woo the western beam.  
To mark a scene that childhood lov'd,  
The anxious eye was turn'd in vain;  
Nor could I find the friend approv'd  
That shar'd my joy or sooth'd my pain.

Kindred and friends were far away;  
A care-press'd toil-worn stranger I :  
Though much I lov'd alone to stray,  
O! oft I stray'd unseen to sigh.  
Unseen to drop the silent tear;  
Unheard departed joys to mourn,  
To teach the stubborn heart to bear  
The scowl of hate, the scoff of scorn.

Now winter reigns, these hills no more  
Shall sternly bound my anxious view :  
Soon, bent my course to Croma's shore,  
Shall I yon winding path pursue.  
Fairer than here gay summer's glow  
To me there wintry storms shall seem :  
Then blow, ye bitter breezes blow,  
And lash the Conan's mountain stream.

## FRAGMENT.

## I.

Ere rapine sway'd the ruthless brand,  
Ere exil'd virtue breath'd by stealth,  
Or wept the maids of wasted land,  
Or knelt the earth's base sons to wealth,  
Oft from that green sequester'd glade  
The strains of rapt'rous music broke ;  
By yonder fount the wood nymphs play'd,  
Or danc'd around that tow'ring oak.  
Their altars blaz'd, and grateful they,  
When dire disease assail'd the swain,  
Cheer'd his lorn heart, and chas'd away  
The dull-ey'd fiends of pain.

## II.

But when Alecto urg'd her car  
All furious from the gulph of hell ;  
When gleam'd the murd'ring steel afar,  
And groans arose and heroes fell.

Those nymphs affrighted left the plain ;  
(Long mourn'd the toil-devoted swain,)  
'Tis said in one bright star they dwell ;  
'Tis said—but this I know full well,  
                  They ne'er return'd again.

## III.

The laugh was hush'd, and mute the song;  
The stock-doves mourn'd these wilds among,  
The little flow'rets died away,  
The woodlands mourn'd a quick decay,  
Till howl'd the blasts of winter loud  
Through wither'd fern and leafless wood.  
When summer's breath reviv'd the scene,  
Alas ! 'twas still the haunt of pain.

## IV.

That fountain grew a reedy pool,  
In the cleft altar lodg'd the owl ;  
And he who fram'd the rustic fane  
Grew mad with care, and worshipp'd gain.  
Still rose the shouts of war on high,  
Still echo mock'd the sufferer's cry,  
Distrust barr'd close the peasant's door,  
And pin'd for want the houseless poor.

## V.

Years roll'd on years; the arts began  
To raise their trophied columns round,  
New splendours mark the works of man :  
But where the bliss the peasant found  
When gay, with many a wild flower crown'd  
Amid these peaceful groves he stray'd,  
Or bade th' unstudied song resound,  
Till echo carol'd down the glade ?  
Alas ! that cheering bliss had fled,  
And gold-o'erladen, dark-brow'd men,  
Whose years of life were years of pain,  
When youth for bliss, by hope beguil'd,  
Rang'd the dark grove and lonesome wild,  
Pronounc'd his searchings vain.

In truth, a wretched world it grew  
Of hell-born fraud, and earth-born care ;  
Of jealous griefs that mock the view,  
Of pain and dark despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

When on the warrior's fated head  
The cup of wrath was pour'd ?

Didst thou not fear that Mighty King  
Whose sway extends o'er earth and heaven ?  
By whose dread, mortal-dooming word  
Vict'ry or death is given !

A poor ignoble end is thine,  
Thou diest as patriots never die ;  
No minstrel's living song for thee  
Shall prompt the gen'rous sigh.

Alas ! unlov'd, unblest, unmourn'd,  
The grey hair'd serf shall curse thy name :  
O vile the boast of evil deed !  
O dark the tyrant's fame !

Red brand of many a ruthless deed,  
The widow's curse has blunted thee ;  
The patriot's boast, the good man's stay  
Thou wast not, shalt not be.

Oft pendant o'er th' afflicted head  
Thy felon brightness caught the gleam,  
When from the plunder'd cottage rose  
The all-devouring flame.

**No more to court the beam of Heaven,**

**No more the blazing brand of pride,  
Lie guilty steel and rust in earth,—  
Rust by the tyrant's side !**

**Farewell ! the night is gath'ring wild,  
Its clouds around thy lonely grave,  
And furious o'er the rustling heath  
The blasts of winter rave.**

**Farewell, a long, long last farewell,  
Again I go with men to dwell ;  
Ere darkness wraps thy lonely tomb,  
Farewell, a long farewell !**

## STANZAS WRITTEN AT SEA.

Joy of the Poet's soul, I court thy aid !  
Spirit of many a calm and soothing lay,  
Oft at thy smile has care's dark visions fled,  
And grief grown calm, and langour died away.  
Oft has thy kindness smooth'd my rugged way,  
Bless'd my lone hours and cheer'd my days of toil.  
Again, O Muse ! vouchsafe thy bright'ning ray,  
Of doubt, of terror, thought's harsh fiend despoil,  
And all my anxious cares and all my griefs beguile.

Around our vessel heaves the midnight wave,  
The cheerless moon sinks in the western sky ;  
Reigns breezeless silence ; in her ocean cave  
The Mermaid rests, while her fond lover nigh  
Marks the pale star beams as they fall from high,  
Gilding with trem'lous light her couch of sleep.  
Why smile incred'lous ? the rapt Muse's eye  
Through earth's dark caves, o'er heaven's fair plains  
can sweep,  
Can range each hidden cell where toils th' unfathom'd  
deep.

On ocean's craggy floor, beneath the shade  
 Of bushy rock-weed, tangled, dusk, and brown,  
 She sees the wreck of founder'd vessel laid  
 In slimy silence; many a fathom down  
 From where the star-beam trembles; o'er it thrown  
 Are heap'd the treasures men have died to gain,  
 And in sad mock'ry of the parting groan  
 That bubbled mid the wild unpitying main,  
 Quick gushing o'er the bones the restless tides complain.

Gloomy and wide rolls the sepulchral sea;  
 Grave of my kindred, of my sire the grave,  
 Perchance where now he sleeps, a space for me  
 Is mark'd by fate, beneath the deep green wave.  
 It well may be. Poor bosom why dost heave  
 Thus wild! O! many a care troublous and dark  
 On earth attends thee still; the Mermaid's cave  
 Grief haunts not: sure 'twere pleasant there to mark  
 Serene, at noon-tide hour, the sailor's passing bark.

Sure it were pleasant through the vasty deep,  
 When on its bosom plays the golden beam,  
 With headlong speed by bower and cave to sweep,  
 When flame the waters round with em'rald gleam;  
 When borne from high by tides and gales the  
 scream

Of sea-mew soften'd falls; when bright and gay

The crimson weeds, proud ocean's pendants, stream  
From trophied wrecks, and rock towers darkly grey;  
Through scenes so strangely fair 'twere pleasant sure  
to stray.

Why this strange thought ? if in that ocean laid,  
The ear would cease to hear, the eye to see ;  
Tho' sights and sounds like these circled my bed,  
Wakeless and heavy would my slumbers be :  
Though the mild soften'd sunlight beam'd on me,  
(If a dull heap of bones retained my name,  
That bleach'd or blacken'd in the wasteful sea.)  
Its radiance all unseen, its golden beam  
In vain through coral groves, or em'rald reefs might  
stream.

Yet dwells a spirit in this earthly frame  
Which oceans cannot quench, or time destroy ;  
A deathless, fadeless ray, a heavenly flame  
That pure shall rise when fails each base alloy  
That earth instills, dark grief, and baseless joy :  
Then shall the ocean's secrets meet its sight,  
For I do hold that happy souls enjoy  
A wide, yea boundless, endless range of flight  
From the fair source of day, ev'n to the gates of night.

Now night's dark veil is rent ; on yonder land  
That blue and distant rises o'er the main,

I see the purple sky of morn expand,  
 Scatt'ring the gloom : then cease my feeble strain,  
 When darkness reign'd, thy whisp'rings sooth'd my  
     pain,—  
 The pain by weariness and langour bred ;  
 But now my eyes shall greet a lovelier scene  
 Than fancy pictur'd ; from his dark green bed  
 Soon shall the orb of day exalt his glorious head.

## THE RETROSPECT.

## Part. First.

On the friends of my youth, and the days that are  
gone  
I ponder in silence, deserted and lone ;  
Yes ! lone and unlov'd as the fiend of decay :  
I dream of the by-past and languish away ;—  
Cease, spirit of mem'ry ! the present is pain,  
But the pure joys of childhood return not again.

The thick mists of winter sweep dark o'er the sky  
The voice of the wind passeth mournfully by,  
The wild wide-spread forest is leafless and brown,  
All red from the upland the torrent comes down ;  
The shriek of the bittern is frequent and loud,  
Comes the scream of the mew like a voice from the  
cloud ;  
The howl of the wild-fox creeps low o'er the plain,  
And groans the wide forest and roars the dark main.

Late I wander'd alone through that forest so drear,  
T'was e'er winter had ravag'd each pride of the year;  
To autumn's low breezes the red-breast replied,  
And rustled the sear leaf and murmur'd the tide.  
With brown gold and crimson the woodlands were gay,  
Yet whisper'd these splendours of age and decay,  
Like the meteor that dies when it dazzleth the eye,  
Like lux'ry's proud trappings when ruin is nigh.

I wander'd all silent, much smit by that scene ;  
Rose feelings that long in my bosom had lain,  
Unwilling as hies the scar'd hawk from his prey,  
Of care and of toil fled the mem'ry away.  
Yea, of sorrow and pain, of the false and the dead,  
And, O ! sweet was the spirit that whisper'd instead,  
Of gay hopes and desires in my bosom that dwelt,—  
Yea, of all I had known, and of all I had felt  
Ere the pleasures of youth in the dust were laid low,  
Or hope, half despondent had wept o'er the blow ;  
Ere my heart hard'ning knowledge of mankind began  
By proving the toils and the sorrows of man.

When thus roam'd my thoughts o'er the fields of  
the past,  
Around me all sudden a mantle was cast,  
Like that which the Prophet bequeath'd in his flight  
To the Prophet-elect, from his chariot of light ;

And straightway strange powers of vision were mine,  
The woodlands no longer seem'd bright with decline,  
But youthful as gay ; waning autumn had fled  
With those glories that shew'd like the dress of the  
    dead ;  
Swell'd the buds of the wood with the foliage of  
    spring,  
The flowers rose in beauty the lark was on wing,  
Came the coo of the dove on the light zephyr borne,  
And clouds of soft fragrance, the incense of morn.

That stream which flows turbid and red to the  
    main,  
Like torrent that rolls through a field of the slain,  
That stream then encumber'd by spoils of the year,  
Nor headlong, nor fetter'd, flow'd gentle and clear ;  
Soft murmur'd the shallow, and dimpled the lake,  
Here light as the grey-cloud, there dark as the brake.

Full oft had I witness'd each change of the year,  
From summer's fierce heats to the snow-storm severe ;  
But pass'd they unheeded, for gradual and slow  
Rose the clouds ere the storm, ere the shower glar'd  
    the bow.  
Now a change swift as that which, when rose the  
    young light,  
Amaz'd with its splendour the regions of night,

Dismay'd me ; all wond'ring, the sport of a dream,  
 I gaz'd on the woodlands the flowers and the stream ;  
 I gaz'd on the stream—ah ! it told of a change  
 Than that of the woodlands more wond'rous and  
 strange,  
 'Stead of beard rough and matted, of eye keen and  
 wild,  
 Appear'd the fair face and light locks of a child.

Fled surprise of the present and thought of the past ;  
 Rose hopes and gay fancies tumultuous and fast ;  
 As brightens and fades, shines and quivers that flame,  
 Child of Boreas and Winter, they went and they  
 came.

And now o'er the mead, the red bee I pursu'd,  
 Now steer'd my slim vessel of rush on the flood,  
 Now gather'd the flow'rets, now flung them away,  
 Now rose on the sward my rude cottage of clay,  
 Now the echoes replied to my *suac* and horn ;  
 O ! blithe seem'd to pass the young hours of the morn.

The bright sun was scaling the steeps of the sky,  
 (How it shone on my heart !) when a stranger pass'd  
 by ;  
 More youthful he seem'd than the shade of the  
 stream,—  
 More lovely by far was that child of my dream.

The bonnet of Albin encircled a brow,  
Where danc'd the dark ringlets like fawn on the  
snow ;

While a soul, gay as vig'rous, fresh loveliness pear'd  
On features whose semblance the Greek had ador'd.

As lovely a face once thy glass could display

My \*\*\*\*\*, but study has worn thee away.

I call'd on that stranger, I call'd and he came ;

Straight arose on the sward a fair altar of flame,

And before it we vow'd, as affectionate as gay,

To be true to each other for ever and aye.

How fast fly the hours that are spent in delight !

We mark'd not, we thought not of time or his flight;

We rov'd through the forest, we climb'd on the steep,

We swam light as foam o'er the waves of the deep ;

The wide yawning caverns our footsteps explore,

And deserts which footstep ne'er printed before.

And now a drear change o'er my vision 'gan creep;

No longer we joy'd on the wild or the deep ;

O languid and dull our best fancies became ;

Sunk low in foul ashes the altar of flame ;

The sun of affection seem'd ready to set.

Alas ! oft we parted as glad as we met ;

Past vows were forgotten, our bosoms wax'd cold ;

Pride, an iron hearted tyrant, our feelings controll'd ;

We turn'd us the world and its follies to view,  
For mingled our tears at the parting adieu.

And now all alone through the forest I stray'd,  
The foliage seem'd rough'ning, and darken'd the  
glade ;

More mournful the change which in spirit I prov'd,  
No longer I trusted, no longer I lov'd.

Ungen'rous and proud, a poor narrow soul'd elf,  
My wishes and cares were confin'd to myself.

But ah ! when the dun shades of twilight came on,  
When friend, or companion, or lover was none,  
Dark sp'rits and wild fiends my associates became,  
Care, poverty, labour, remorse grief, and shame ;  
Fled pleasure, and comfort, and peace in affright,  
And hope pran'd her wings and made ready for  
flight.

All sudden my vision departed ; I stood  
Amaz'd and alone, in the depths of the wood ;  
The voice of the blast was uplifted on high,  
Thick clouds of sear foliage were toss'd to the sky,  
And patter'd the rain, and all wrathful and chill,  
A snow-shower was clothing the pines of the hill.

Now, I wander alone ; ah ! I wander in vain,  
For I dream not of Spring nor of childhood again ;

Wild cares, and fierce sorrows are gath'ring instead  
Strange longings arise for the rest of the dead ;  
While conscience thus whispers " Poor creature of  
clay,

With innocence fled all thy pleasures away.  
The foul might of winter in weakness shall lie,  
These tempest-fraught clouds shall descend from  
the sky,

That red headlong torrent untroubled shall flow,  
And the blossom of spring shall rejoice on the bough;  
But ah ! from the vile, and the narrow of heart  
The storm-clouds of trouble shall never depart ;  
No blossom of gladness is springing for thee,  
Nor placid the flow of thy musings can be,  
Still mis'ry must haunt thee, to guilt 'tis allied,  
And I, dark companion, shall stalk by thy side ;  
'T' inspire thy foul bosom with sorrow and fear,  
For the ills thou hast wrought and the pains thou  
must bear."

## THE RETROSPECT.

## Part Second.

How lovely the scene ! like a tiger asleep,  
Unvex'd and unmurm'ring reposes the deep ;  
Nor bent by the zephyr, nor strain'd by the blast,  
The sheets of the sailor hang slack from the mast.  
How lovely the scene ! the pure dew-drops of night  
On the gay tinted foliage hang sparkling and bright,  
And waxes more splendid the beams they receive  
As emerges, all glorious the sun from the wave.  
How lovely the scene ! a fair wand'ring ray  
To the depth of the thicket has travell'd its way,  
And like column of fire all unflick'ring and red,  
The trunk of the poplar glows bright in the shade.  
How lovely the scene ! like the stars of the night,  
When the ice of the lake glimmers pale to their light  
The gay flowers of spring are spread over the lea,  
And they bend their fair heads to the tread of the bee.

Hark ! murmurs the stream in the depth of the grove,  
And nestles the thrush and the blackbird above,  
To its low ceaseless strain their gay warblings reply,  
And the song of the field-lark descends from the sky.

And O ! by this heart where each sorrow hath dwelt,  
No longer the pangs of bereavement are felt :  
Care, shame, and remorse, and the phantoms of pain,  
Expell'd from its chambers, seek access in vain :  
Gay joy is the guest where affliction hath been,  
O ! 'tis gladness without, and 'tis rapture within.

The learn'd in the myst'ries of earth may declare  
Why the forest no longer is leafless and bare,  
Why Flora exults on the wide-spreading lea,  
Why safety, turn'd pilot, speeds over the sea,  
Why nought save the voice of enjoyment is heard  
In the hum of the bee, and the song of the bird.—  
The course of the seasons the learn'd may explain,  
May point to that orb on the verge of the main,  
And tell how the daughters of Flora have birth  
When his visit he pays to the lands of the north.  
Bright champion of gladness ! thy arrows prevail  
O'er the waves of the deep, and the blasts of the gale;  
Where roar'd the loud torrent scarce murmurs the rill,  
And the music of birds' hymns thy praise from the  
hill.

But tell me ye learn'd in the myst'ries of mind,  
 Why lag thus my cares and my sorrows behind?  
 Stern conscience their leader, and mem'ry their  
 guide,

Late vig'rous as cruel they stalk'd by my side;  
 How crippled and weak, lo! they fail'd in the chase,  
 While pleasure's gay offspring attend in their place,  
 And I feel I possess, since these demons are foil'd,  
 The head of the man with the heart of the child.

Come read me my riddle ye wise of the earth,  
 When darkly I hint how my pleasures have birth;  
 The bliss that I feel and the season's bright glow  
 Existence and life to one circumstance owe.  
 Ye point to the sun, ah! unknowing and blind,  
 Can the beams of the sun, reach the seat of the  
 mind?

Are sorrow's dark clouds e'er dispell'd by its ray?  
 Is grief less unhappy when rises the day?

Enamour'd of ill, and detesting its glow,  
 She flies to the shade to indulge in her woe.

Ye point to the sun,—nay, that fair orb of Heaven,  
 Peace, nature's-enjoyment, ease, pleasure are given  
 (Let the sceptic revile, and the scoffer deride),

To the wretch now so blest, for a Saviour has died:

Attend when I tell how this truth I believed,  
 How bliss came to prove 'twas the truth I received.

My once-lov'd companion of childhood was gone,  
And careless I liv'd all unblest and alone;  
Slow pass'd the dull seasons, O! weary they pass'd,  
Each former though gloomy seem'd bliss to the last;  
In winter I sigh'd for the summer's gay smile,  
Came the season of flowers,—'twas a season of toil;  
Sore wearied I long'd for the winter again,  
And it came, and it pass'd, but its leisure was pain.  
O! wretched I liv'd, though I talk'd in my pride  
Of pleasures and thoughts to the vulgar denied,  
Fair pleasure with thought not one moment would  
stay,

For thought had turn'd herald to warn her away.  
I talk'd of the spirit that pour'd in mine ear  
Gay tales of delight it was rapture to hear,  
And freed from my toils at the close of the day,  
From all my companions I've wander'd away,  
That spirit to court in a fanciful mood,  
'Mid the crags of the rock, or the shades of the  
wood.

But oft she deceived me, and oft she denied,  
I've call'd her, and nought save the echoes replied,  
I've call'd (O! could heavier misfortune befall!)  
Came the fiends of remorse and despair at the call.

My spirit was strong, but its lodgment of clay  
In sorrow's fleet current, was wasting away;

The long day of labour its powers could bear,  
But the season of rest prov'd a season of care;  
Fled far from mine eyelids the balm of repose,  
And wearied and spent with the morn I arose.  
And now a sharp pain held its seat in my breast,  
I thought of the grave, but I hop'd not for rest;  
Yet firm I determin'd though dark it appear'd,  
To die like the fox uncomplaining and hard.  
O! why should I ask if my neighbours could feel?  
Why crave their vain ruth, when I wish'd not their  
weal?

I sought not their woe, but when sorrow they bore  
As cold was my heart as the rock on the shore.  
Still wasted my frame, still its powers decay'd,  
But silence was all the complaint that I made.

One evening (that evening the loveliest day  
That spring ever boasted was dying away)  
One evening I rose from the dull couch of pain,  
Where rack'd by dark thoughts and sharp pangs I'd  
lain;

I rose and the depths of the thicket I sought,  
Unmark'd to indulge in the lux'ry of thought;—  
Sad lux'ry, more sad than the epicure's still,  
'Twas dark in itself, and it brought me but ill.  
I gain'd that fair bank that peeps over the wood,  
And sorely fatigued on its summit I stood;

And sadly I sigh'd for the days that had pass'd,  
When light was my tread as the sweep of the blast,  
When chief of my fellows, I climb'd on the steep,  
The light in the bound, and the bold on the deep,  
The ready to aid, and the fierce to oppose.—  
Straight pass'd the sad thought but a darker arose.

Still linger'd day's orb o'er the hills of the west,  
And o'er the calm wave his fair radiance was cast ;  
The mead and the woodland rejoic'd in the ray,  
The rock flam'd in gold that late glimmer'd in grey.  
How lovely is nature (thus rose the strange thought)  
How fair, and with myst'ry and wonder how fraught !  
Yet opes on its myst'ries the gaze of the fool,  
And pines 'mid its sweets th' unhappy of soul ;  
Fair earth, sure thy sweets and thy myst'ries are  
given  
To the fool and the wretch in the mock'ry of Heaven.

The sound of a footfall behind me I heard,  
And turning, half curious, a stranger appear'd,  
And straight rose the query, it rose but in thought,  
Who walks thus so lone through a scene so remote ?  
Long train'd to an art oft despis'd, I began  
To trace in the semblance the scope of the man.  
His frame was but slight, and his years were but few,  
Yet power and age sat enthron'd on his brow ;

A power of thought, no logician could foil,  
An age of experience no art could beguile.  
I gazed, but, how strange ! in his features was seen  
Not what he was now, but what once he had been ;  
Still, still as I trac'd more familiar they grew,  
Till the friend of my youth in that stranger I knew.  
How swell'd this fond bosom with joy at the sight !  
How vanish'd my griefs in the blaze of delight !  
He knew me, and O !—but suffice it to say,  
That kindness with kindness my friend can repay.

He told how the circlets of time he had trod,  
An alien to pleasure, a stranger to God ;  
How devious and dark his sad footsteps pursued  
The bliss that exists independent of good ;  
How bitter remorse, disappointment, and pain,  
Still guarded the prize he had toil'd to obtain.  
He told how at length, when each sorrow he bare,  
When reign'd in his soul the sad fiend of despair,  
When mem'ry's best solace could prompt but the sigh,  
Nor fancy nor hope could one comfort supply,  
When dark seem'd the day, and unlovely the night,  
When life prov'd a burden, and death an affright,  
All sudden the gloom of his spirit was chas'd,  
And pleasure and peace with the truth he embraced ;  
His bliss th' Eternally-happy supplied,  
The Strong grew his strength, the Unerring his guide.

I listen'd, and mem'ry was whispering low,  
His pleasures you know not, his sorrows you know ;  
Say, wherefore ? Oh ! how did stern conscience reply ?  
You own not his Saviour, his God you deny.

But lengthens my strain, and I must not prolong  
By further description, so tiresome a song.  
Not fearful of death, nor unwilling to live,  
No longer I languish, no longer I grieve ;  
Fair joy sits enthron'd in the regions of thought ;  
Exults the glad muse o'er the change that is wrought ;  
Pain visits but seldom, and known is her scope ;  
Lo ! bright on my toils gleams the beacon of Hope ;  
A friend to the heart once so desolate is given ;  
And rise its desires to the Ruler of Heaven :  
O ! happy the day when the truth I believed,  
For bliss came to prove 'twas the truth I received.

# A TALE OF YOUTH.

INSCRIBED TO MR \* \* \* \* \*

---

Allace, Allace, sail I thus sone be deid  
In this desert, and wait nane other meid.

*Gavin Douglas.*

This narrative is not meant for narration.

*Byron.*

---

Say loves my friend th' unpolish d tale  
Where Fancy trims the Boatman's sail,  
Blows to fierce rage the midnight main,  
Shews skill and courage task'd in vain,  
And many a dark unholy fiend  
Wild shrieking to the howling wind ?

I know he loves ; his heart sincere  
Detests the smile that flatt'ers wear,—  
Detests the hateful art whose aid  
Adorns the vain, and veils the bad,

Gives homage to the tyrant's rod,  
And honour to the curs'd of God ;  
Yet has he said his minstrel's lay  
Has power to charm each care away,  
Till trace of nought the fancy bears,  
Save Walter's fate, and William's fears,  
A bark fast moor'd, the silv'ry wave,  
A rocky shore, a lonely grave.

Yet Walter's frame or soul I ween  
Not Heaven contains, nor earth has seen ;  
Nor plough'd his bark the yielding main,  
Nor prov'd he aught of mortal pain  
When wild the wave came sweeping o'er,  
Nor wastes his clay on Marquis shore.  
Strange tenant of a pictur'd earth,  
Fancy alone watch'd o'er his birth,  
Awak'd his fears, his hopes repell'd,  
His deeds, his fate, his bliss beheld.

Empress august ! thy sway extends  
To the dread verge where being ends ;  
To thee, strange as thou art, 'tis given  
To range th' unfading fields of Heaven,  
And thou, unvex'd, unharm'd, canst dwell  
Where circle round the shades of hell.

Bed-rid Tradition, palsied o'er,  
Has lost of late her wonted lore.  
Long didst thou tend the beldame old,  
Enamour'd of the tales she told ;  
And when the dotards mem'ry fail'd  
Or fear stood mute, or doubt prevail'd,  
Then sportive nymph, 'twas thine to tell  
Of wondrous deeds which ne'er befell,  
Yet truth they seem'd, and all who heard  
Saw doubt removed and myst'ry clear'd ;  
Ev'n the dull beldame listen'd too,  
And moulded oft her tales anew.

How strange thy freaks ! a little mound  
Which chance had rais'd on level ground,  
Touch'd by thy wand a grave became,  
And straight thou mutter'd Walter's name ;  
Then howl'd the storm, and gloom'd the night,  
And gleam'd in green a female sprite,  
And blaz'd a flame with fearful glow,  
Bronzing the sable wave below,  
And sorrow came, and joy was given,  
With fiends from hell, by sp'rits from Heaven.

Yet nymph, no aid of thine I ask  
To speed me o'er my present task,

Enough for me if mem'ry's sprite  
Casts o'er my strain her mellow light,  
If prompt the sportive muse descend,  
If lends his ear my earliest friend ;  
Be't his to say, if truth I tell,  
For who that lives should know so well.

At noon-day hour in cloudless sky  
Reign'd Heavens life-giving orb on high,  
Beaming with golden ray serene  
O'er many a sweet sequester'd scene,  
Where Croma's hill in rocky pride  
Towers sternly o'er the circling tide,  
And circling tides with hollow sound,  
In vain defiance murmur round.

Through these sweet scenes, intent on play,  
In that bright hour, on that fair day,  
Of freedom vain, and warm with haste,  
Just 'scaped the school a truant pass'd—  
Heedless he pass'd, each wonted aim  
Seem'd low that luckless day and tame.  
The tempting sweet-knot vainly bloom'd,  
In vain the pig-nuts blossom'd round ;  
Glad wheel'd the falcon o'er the deep,  
No desp'rate climber scal'd the steep

Where lodg'd her brood ; the mavis sung  
In triumph o'er her rip'ning young,  
No ruthless eye glar'd from below,  
No spoiler grasp'd the yielding bough ;  
Safe toiled the bee, no tyrant hand  
Shower'd round her frame the murd'rous sand ;  
Her journeyings o'er, the wasp hied home,  
And found entire her curious dome ;  
All nature joy'd, the luckless elf  
That day harm'd nothing but himself.  
What urged his haste ? what harm befell ?  
Nay, ere th' eventful tale I tell,  
My sportive muse would fain portray,  
As well as muse untutor'd may,  
With shadows broad, and strips of light,  
Meet likeness of that froward wight.

Unshod his feet, his bosom bare,  
Gleams far like flame his tangled hair,  
Careless and rude untam'd and wild,  
Untutor'd nature's savage child.  
No Edwin he whose gentle soul  
Bends to soft feeling's mild control ;  
Lonely, 'tis true, he loves to roam,  
But why ? the wild is freedom's home ;  
None there essays the teacher's art,  
None mimics there the tyrant's part.

By grammer's simplest lore unblest,  
In school he pines a dunce confest ;  
With many a flaw his tasks must pass,  
Worst scholar in the dullest class.  
But ah ! when scap'd th' insulting lore,  
When all his ill conn'd tasks are o'er,  
High power awaits the pedant's fool,  
And each tame scholar owns his rule.  
None readier tempts the stormy flood,  
None bolder threads the twilight wood,  
None climbs with steadier foot the steep,  
Or dares more prompt the vent'rous leap :  
His prowess surly woodmen own,  
And justly dread the distant stone ;  
And stouter boys hie fast away  
When keen he wakes the desp'rate fray.

Yet one trait more, though all unskill'd  
The Heaven-aspiring rhyme to build,  
He rhimes, and pictur'd wreaths of bay  
Even haunt him in his hours of play.  
And why, he asks, if Ossian's strain  
The critic's spite assails in vain,  
If awful Homer's songs sublime  
Float buoyant on the stream of time,  
If Shakespeare's rude unpolished lays  
Each froward passion prompt obeys,

If rapture fires the rustic song  
Whose echoes Coila's vales prolong,  
Why should not I untaught aspire,  
And boldly wake the living lyre,  
And challenge art, should art oppose,  
For bolder flights, or warmer glows.

When gathers round his little band,  
And prompt obedience waits command,  
Thus whispers Hope, "When time has sped.  
A few short circlets o'er thy head,  
And patient toil, and thought refined,  
Has strung thy frame, and stor'd thy mind,  
Thy dauntless soul, thy boastless pen,  
Shall raise thee high o'er brother men ;  
Tyrants shall own thy crippling sway,  
And proud men crouch, and vain obey.

Ah Hope ! and must thy bard complain  
Of solace false, and promise vain ;  
Of dreams which no fulfilment know,  
And pictur'd joys, the veils of woe.

The years as dull they pass'd, have shed  
Their mildews on that truant's head ;  
And fretful toils, and vexing cares,  
Unseen, unheard, unknown, he bears :

No band devote awaits his sway,  
His call no sp'rits of song obey,  
His muse, his hopes, his fellows flown,  
The stubborn soul survives alone,  
Survives—a spark of quenchless flame,—  
Survives, and from the earthy frame  
That clasps it round in dull embrace,  
Pines for a final resting place.

I wander far, and weak and rude  
The lay that owns its muse subdued ;  
Vain griefs, and darksome thoughts prevail,  
And lags behind the promised tale.  
And see how void of truth my strain,  
When vile Regret assumes the reign ;  
Craz'd by his weak, yet tyrant sway,  
The muse declares the muse away.

Of freedom vain, and warm with haste,  
Just scap'd the school, our truant pass'd  
By frowning rock, through forest shade,  
O'er rising hill and level mead.  
And now his cautious steps essay  
The towering Sutor's dang'rous way,  
And now, its varied terrors o'er,  
His footsteps print the yielding shore :  
Moveless that day was shrub and tree,  
And slept the cliff encircled sea.

O ! prompt and well the muse may trace  
Meet semblance of that lonely place,  
If mem'ry's pow'rs can aught inspire  
Of painter's skill, or minstrel's fire.  
O ! oft in early youth I've stray'd  
To haunted cave and forest glade ;  
Each cliff, each rugged dell I knew  
Where sweet-knots bloom'd, or berries grew,  
Knew where to shelve of whiten'd rock  
At eve the sable cormorants flock,  
Could point with little arm to where  
Deep the wild-fox had dug his lair,  
Or teach th' inquiring eye to rest  
Where pendant hung the heron's nest.  
I've scann'd with curious eye the cell  
Where hied the hawk when evening fell,  
Seiz'd the red crab, with caution stole  
The blue-mail'd lobster from his hole,  
Watch'd the rude seal with silent ken,  
And vent'rous storm'd the badger's den.

Of shatter'd cliffs a barrier rude  
Towers darkly o'er th' uncertain flood,  
For stubborn strength and stern array,  
Like Celtic band in battle-day.  
Each beetling crest the ragged thorn,  
Brown heath, and darksome pines adorn,

Wild bending o'er the shore below,  
Like elf locks on a witch's brow.  
Beneath, when shrinks the tide, the strand  
Spreads wide, a waste of russet sand,  
Where cliffs in thick disorder pil'd,  
Seem shocks of corn on autumn field.  
There oft, when western blasts prevail,  
The boatman strikes the dang'rous sail,  
And safely courts the calm below,  
And marks secure the restless bough  
That stretch'd o'er yonder sheltering height,  
Yields murmuring to the tempest's might.  
Eastward, where sinks abrupt the steep,  
Two rugged spires frown o'er the deep ;  
Robustly stern, and gauntly tall,  
Like giants twain in magic hall.  
The western brow, that havens bound,  
Craggy, and rough, and circled round  
By battling tides, uplifts the head  
Like feudal tower in lonely glade,  
Whose mouldings trim, and carvings gay,  
War, fire, and time have reft away.

Ah ! anxious muse, thy art in vain  
Essays to paint the rugged scene,  
To which, of heart unvex'd and glad,  
That day thy careless truant stray'd ;

Once more rise to thy task, and tell  
What urg'd his haste, what harm befell.

Beyond the rocky tower whose brow  
Sees angry tides conflict below,  
Three caves, whose rayless shades affright,  
Frown horrid at the cheerful light ;  
Like surly beldame old and grey,  
When youth and beauty cross her way.

Of these th' untoward boy had heard,  
But sage advice his search debarred ;  
For why, when round the lonely shore  
The vex'd waves toil'd with deafning roar,  
And midnight from her lazy wain  
Heard wild winds rave and tides complain,  
And groaning woods, and shrieking sprites,—  
Strange sounds from thence, and fearful lights  
Had caught the sailor's ear and eye,  
As drove his storm-press'd vessel by.

More fearful still, tradition told  
Of these dread caves a story old,—  
So very old, ages had pass'd  
Since he who made had told it last.  
'Twas thus it ran, of strange array,  
An aged man whose locks of grey

Like hill-stream flow'd his shoulders o'er,  
For three long days on that lone shore  
Sat, moveless as the rocks around,  
Moaning in low unearthly sound ;  
But whence he came, or why he staid,  
None knew, and none to ask essay'd.  
At length a lad drew near and spoke,  
Craving reply : the figure shook  
Like shadow on a dimpling stream,  
And tall and short by turns became,  
And fled the boy : the third day pass'd,  
Fierce howl'd at night the angry blast,  
Brushing the waves ; wild shrieks of death  
Were heard these beetling cliffs beneath,  
And crys for aid ; the morning's light  
Gleam'd on a scene of wild affright ;  
Where yawn these caves, the rugged shore,  
With many a corse was cover'd o'er,  
And many a gorgeous fragment shew'd  
How fair the bark the storm subdued.

O ! say did nought of fear annoy,  
When wander'd lone our wayward boy ?  
Right well th' unlovely tale he knew,  
And night, and gloom had sworn it true.  
No, though alone through scenes he stray'd,  
Which darksome lore had fearful made,

Eager and bold, keen and elate,  
To Hope's sweet strains his pulses beat.  
He leap'd, he sung, the rocks around  
Breath'd music at th' unwonted sound ;  
He sung—his song a Gothic rhyme  
That pictur'd deeds of ancient time,  
Claim'd lonely Echo's vain regard,  
And loud and fast the nymph was heard  
Mutt'ring the old blind Minstrel's\* lore,  
As school-boy cons his lesson o'er.

Ah ! 'twas not youth's gay fires alone  
Lent to his heart its buoyant tone ;  
No native powers his fears controll'd,  
Though prompt to dare was he, and bold.  
Of Croma's caves he late had heard  
A tale whose power each fear debarr'd ;  
Whose witching voice like music stole  
In gladness o'er his raptured soul ;  
And bold he dar'd sprites, rocks, and waves,  
A pilgrim to the patriot's caves.  
The patriot's ? yes, interest must fail  
If hides the muse th' eventful tale.  
That tale a sibyl craz'd and grey,  
Told ere from earth she pass'd away ;

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\* Blind Harry.

And now I ween that none there be  
O muse ! can tell that tale save thee.

Of old, when Scotia's chiefs of might  
Sought different sides ere clos'd the fight,  
When sunk in heart supine she lay,  
To wasting ills an easy prey,  
Domestic feud and foreign sway,  
Foretold of Heaven a Patriot rose,  
Whom none could fly, and none oppose,  
Whose heart ne'er lodg'd a selfish aim,  
Nor thought, nor wish that vice could claim ;  
Of giant frame, and giant mind,  
He tower'd the first of human kind.

Nay, wanton muse, though Wallace thought,  
Felt, dar'd, and died as patriot ought,  
Such praise as thine were ill applied  
To him, or mortal man beside,  
Save one, and muse, in lay profane,  
To name that one were worse than vain.

Thus ran the tale, proud England's host  
Lay trench'd on Croma's winding coast,  
And rose her castled towers beneath  
Fierce shouts of war, deep groans of death.  
The Wallace heard, from Moray's shore  
One little bark his warriors bore,

But died the breeze, and rose the day,  
Ere gain'd that bark the destin'd bay :  
When lo ! these rocks a quay supplied,  
These yawning caves meet shades to hide.  
Secure, where rank the night-shade grew,  
And shower'd a thick unwholesome dew,  
Patient of cold and gloom they lay,  
Till eve's last light had died away.

It died away ; in Croma's hall  
No flame glanc'd on the trophied wall,  
Nor sound of mirth, nor revel free  
Was heard where joy had wont to be :  
With day had ceas'd the siege's din,  
But still gaunt famine rag'd within.

In chamber lone, on weary bed,  
That castle's wounded lord was laid,  
His woe-worn lady watch'd beside.  
To pain devote, and grief, and gloom,  
No taper cheer'd the darksome room,  
Yet to the wounded chieftain's sight  
Strange shapes were there, and sheets of light,  
And oft he spake in jargon vain  
Of ruthless deed and tyrant reign,  
For fever press'd his madden'd brain.

O hark ! the warder's rousing call,  
" Rise, Warriors rise and man the wall,"  
Starts up the chief, but rack'd with pain,  
And weak, he backward sinks again.  
" O Heaven they come," the lady cries,  
" The Southernns come and Urquhart dies !  
O Thou ! who from thy throne the sky  
Canst shield the weak and blast the high,  
Whose strong right-hand with terrors red  
Smites oft to dust th' oppressor's head,  
Shield from his foes my hapless lord,  
O shield him from th' invader's sword !  
Supine he lies an easy prey,  
His strength, and ev'n his mind away,  
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay."

Nay, 'tis not fever mocks his sight,  
His broider'd couch is red with light,  
In light his lady stands confest,  
Her hands clasp'd on her heaving breast.  
And hark ! wild shouts assail his ear,  
Loud and more loud, near and more near  
They rise ; hark ! frequent rings the blade  
On crested helm relentless laid ;  
Yells, groans, sharp sounds of smitten mail,  
And war-cries load the midnight gale :

○ hark ! like Heaven's own thunder high,  
Swells o'er the rest one ceaseless cry,  
Racking the dull cold ear of night,  
“ The Wallace wight ! the Wallace wight ! ”

Yes, gleams the sword of Wallace there,  
Not skill'd his country's foes to spare ;  
Roars the red camp, like funeral pyre,  
One wild, wide, wasteful sea of fire ;  
Glow red the low-brow'd clouds of night,  
The wooded hill is bath'd in light,  
Gleams wave, and field, and turret height.  
Death's vassals dog the spoiler's horde,  
Burns in their front th' unsparing sword,  
The fir'd camp casts its volumes o'er,  
Behind spreads wide a skiffless shore ;  
Fire, flood, and sword conspire to slay :—  
How sad shall rest morn's early ray  
On blacken'd strand and crimson'd main,  
On floods of gore and hills of slain !  
But bright its cheering beams shall fall  
Where mirth whoops in the Urquhart's hall.

Wrapt up in airy dreams sublime  
Of vent'rous deed and olden time,  
Glad hied our wayward boy, and now  
He stands where towers the ducats brow ;

Its rugged wall, like guard unkind,  
Bars passage to the caves behind.  
Stern frowns its crest, its sides are steep,  
The wave beneath lies dark and deep ;  
So deep, Northumbrian bark I trow,  
With keel unharm'd may pass below,  
When tangled ridge and dusky shore  
The strong flood-tide has cover'd o'er.

When reigns the moon in full-orb'd pride  
O'er fitful brains, and ocean's tide,  
A narrow strip, when shrink the waves,  
Gives access to the patriot's caves ;  
But brief I ween must visit be,  
For soon returns the jailor sea.  
When wanes that moon, with ceaseless flow  
The waters lave the cliffs below,  
And pathway round th' uncertain place,  
Not eye may mark, nor footstep trace.  
Yet half-way up the airy steep,  
Where the tir'd eaglet loves to sleep,  
A path the desp'rate foot may find.  
And soon our truant call'd to mind  
How shelving round the ducat's side,  
Access it gave, retreat denied.  
Fond elf, with him boldly to dare  
And wisely think things different were.

He vainly deem'd the beach beneath  
Would soon supply a homeward path ;  
And full of this, onward he bends,  
While grisly Death each step attends,  
Ready, should shatter'd crag give way  
Or footing fail, to seize his prey :  
The height is gain'd ; may fate prevent  
The ills that guard the dire descent !

'Tis past ; the ducat's northern side  
A new and lovely scene supplied.  
The shatter'd cliffs of verdure bare,  
The raven's nest, the otter's lair,  
The mountain daisies crimson bloom,  
And bright and gay the golden broom ;—  
All met his search, or lin'd his way :  
Was ever pris'ner half so gay !

And lo, these caves ! more dull they seem  
For glows without the solar beam ;  
To wight by fancy rul'd they show  
Meet gateways to a world of woe ;  
Damp, silent, dark, a ceaseless rain  
Pours from their low-brow'd roofs amain,  
And sickly plants spring up beneath,  
Might garland round the brows of death.

With narrower front the middle cave  
Yawns wistful at the passing wave,  
But deep its last recesses lie,  
And darkly veil'd from mortal eye ;  
So deep, that scarce within the roar  
Is heard when tempest frets the shore ;  
So dark in cloudless summer day  
Scarce wanders there one lonely ray.  
A weighty dropping beats the floor ;  
The damp dark walls are crusted o'er  
With ridgy stone of snowy hue,  
That seems to poet's curious view  
Like mountain stream o'er high crag thrown,  
And chang'd by magic art to stone.

All this our truant saw, and now  
Wistful he eyes the shore below ;  
Slow falls the tide, much it must fall  
Ere dries beneath his prison wall :  
O ! slow it falls ; nay, can it be !  
Creeps on the beach th' advancing sea,  
Topples the wave o'er rock and shore,  
And crags late seen are cover'd o'er.  
And now the sun has closed his reign,  
Dull twilight lords the lonely scene,  
Roughens each cliff, darkens each cave,  
Night's leaden hue creeps o'er the wave,

While solemn through the black'ning sky,  
Slow sails the home-bound corm'rant by.

By hope forsook, by thought oppress,  
Anxious, afraid, sad, tir'd, distrest,  
On that lone shore our truant stood,  
And sadly eyed th' advancing flood.  
Where yawn the caverns dusk and brown  
Full oft his tim'rous glance was thrown ;  
As oft was bent his startled ear  
The rock-springs ceaseless drop to hear.  
O hark ! sure from the distant beach  
Come, zephyr-borne, the sounds of speech ;  
O hark ! th' imprison'd truant's name  
In faint low tones the caves proclaim ;  
Anxious he starts, and shrill, and high  
Shouts to the call a prompt reply ;  
A thousand echoes wake around,  
Thunders from every cave the sound,  
And yells the startled hern, and shrill  
The wild hawks shriek comes from the hill,  
But vain his ear is strain'd to catch  
Or answering shout, or sound of speech.  
Again he calls, in babblings vain  
The rock-born echoes speak again.  
Ah ! 'twas the scream of nighted gull  
Wing'd for her perch on Rieach's hill,

That caught from far his anxious ear ;  
Alas ! no human aid is near.

The minutes pass ; the light of day  
In slow decline has died away ;  
Sea, crag, bush, cave, and surfless shore  
Night's russet veil has covered o'er ;  
And see, with sad and silent pace  
Dark clouds creep o'er the welkin's face ;  
Mournfully low the breeze of night  
Howls 'mid the cliffs like hapless sprite,  
Who reft of peace, and wretched still,  
Bends all its scope to deeds of ill.  
Now speaks the blast with louder roar,  
And beats th' awaken'd wave the shore,  
Resounds the rock, heaves high the main,  
Like cataract-spout descends the rain,  
Heaven's awful thunder growls on high,  
And fearful lightnings seam the sky.

How far'd our boy ? a rugged bed  
The western cavern's floor supplied ;  
Lost in the gloom supine he lay,  
And shower'd around the ocean spray,  
And aye the rock-spring's measur'd flow  
Dash'd thick on the rough floor below.

O ! wet and cold, and sad and lone,  
 Our truant press'd his couch of stone ;  
 Beside, his mate, wild Fancy lay,  
 Dreaming th' unlovely hours away,  
 Or mutt'ring in his tortur'd ear  
 Strange sounds of woe, dark tales of fear  
 Once, when the wave with hollow roar  
 Dash'd headlong on th' opposing shore,  
 Blent with its voice, a fearful shriek  
 She heard, of hell's dire torments speak ;  
 Once, when the light'nings dismal ray  
 Gleam'd on a crag with lichens grey,  
 The fiend that rais'd and rul'd the storm  
 She saw, a sp'rit of shape deform,  
 And giant size : but chang'd her strain  
 From words of fear to words of pain,  
 When quick as veers true minstrel's thought,  
 The truant's home to view she brought ;  
 And pictur'd sad with wayward skill,  
 In that dear home a scene of ill.  
 There many a friend assembled sate,  
 Sad pond'ring on their fav'rite's fate,  
 Yet whisp'ring oft in accents low,  
 Vain hopes which none in heart could know :  
 Thinking, though all such thoughts disown,  
 Of cliffs that tear, and gulphs that drown,

Of rocks thick smear'd with clotted gore;  
And corse the dark wave drifting o'er.  
Though little cause I ween they had,  
There were whose hearts yearn'd to the lad ;  
There were who keen each freak would chide,  
Yet bless in heart his wayward pride ;  
Who saw 'mid youth's irregular flame,  
A strength which years mature might claim  
For staunch resolve and gen'rous aim :  
And oh ! our truant's heart was torn  
To think that those he lov'd should mourn.

Now died each care ; calm slumber stole  
All sudden o'er his wearied soul,  
Yet of that soul the powers seem'd  
Still sorely task'd, for lo ! he dream'd.  
That dream unfold, to thee alone  
O Muse, the strange detail is known.

No change of scene or place it gave,  
Beneath him dash'd th' insulting wave,  
And crags above, and caves behind,  
His waking cares recall'd to mind :  
Much longing for th' approach of day,  
In thought he stood where lorn he lay.  
At length a dull grey light there shone.  
The wave, the shore, the cliffs upon ;

A slow approaching tread he heard,  
And straight an old grave man appear'd  
Whose silv'ry beard his bosom swept ;  
In russet stole his frame was wrapt,  
Its skirts descending brush'd the ground ;  
His waist a leathern girdle bound.

“ Wand'rer,” he crys in tone austere,  
“ Dull child of clay what dost thou here ?”

The truant's heart grew chill and cold,  
Yet prompt the awful sage he told  
How much misled by froward thought,  
Last noon the Patriot's caves he sought,  
Hoping when fell the evening tide  
To trace the path the beach supplied,  
And how of woe dire weight he bore  
Since hid th' advancing wave the shore.

“ Insect of clay” the seer replied,  
“ Vain dupe of hope, weak child of pride,  
Young as thou art in years, in thee  
Much of thy wretched race I see ;  
With headlong speed to ill they run,  
They dream amiss and wake undone.

“ Go, quit these scenes for haunts of men,  
Nor dare th' impris'ning path again ;  
Beware, for O ! in life's dark round,  
Full many such thy race have found.

Those gods to whom their souls are sold,  
Ambition, pleasure, fame, and gold,  
Owns each its own imprisoning path ;  
For each th' unlovely night is death.  
But go, and O ! should foul desire  
Light in thy heart its sordid fire,  
Should lust of pow'r incite to crime,  
Or fame allure, or gold inflame,  
Think of the night when vex'd and lone,  
You press'd the Ducat's couch of stone  
And fly the snare." Scarce had he said  
When quick as thought the vision fled,  
And to the truant's waking eyes  
Wide spreads the wave, the cliffs arise ;  
The angry storm had pass'd away,  
And glimmer'd faint morn's early ray :  
And hark ! rise accents gruff and rude  
From where the dream-born sage had stood.  
" Ha ! fellow art thou here ! art well ?  
What ! couldst thou find no fitter cell  
Than this wild cave ? wert not afraid ?  
This the worst trick that ere you play'd.  
Sore griev'd are all your friends I trow ;  
Haste, see the boat lies moor'd below."

HENRISON'S SANG.

Ah cruel Death, thy sway aneath  
 Has fa'n as bonny a maid  
 As ever sin' the birth o' time  
 Thy breath in darkness laid.  
 An' now, ev'n to the lone kirk-yard,  
 (Though harsh my numbers be),  
 I've come, to frame a little sang,  
 To snatch her name frae thee.

High i' the lift the broad bright sun  
 Looks o'er the peacefu' scene ;  
 The leafy trees are moveless a',  
 The wide sea sleeps serene.  
 Ae silv'ry cloud, an' only ane,  
 Hangs i' the lift sae blue ;  
 The little flowries bend their heads  
 As wastes the sparkling dew.

Hark ! frae the narrow dell aneath  
 The burnies' voice is heard :  
 Hark ! hid the branchy woods among,  
 Chaunts many a blythsome bird.

The corn-craig whoops, the sea-gull screams,  
The red-bee murmurs by,  
An' o'er the calm wave, borne afar,  
Echoes the sailor's cry.

Around swells mony a grassy heap,  
Stan's mony a sculptur'd stane;  
An' yet, in a' this peopled field  
No being thinks but ane.  
The e'e that's mask'd aneath the sod  
The bright sun canna' cheer,  
Nor voice o' bird, nor brattlin' stream,—  
Fa's on Death's listless ear.

Ev'n she wha lo'ed ilk varied change  
That nature's face can shaw,  
Frae russet simmer's blossom'd pride,  
To winter's fleecy snaw;  
Heedless, and cauld, an' darken'd o'er,  
Lies 'mid a ance lo'ed scene,  
Nor kens gin hawl the wintry blasts,  
Or simmer smiles serene.

Ah mem'ry! wi' thy hoarded joys  
There blends fu' mony a pang;  
Short space, waes me, thy pleasures stay,  
But bides thy sorrows lang.

Frae a' thy store what canst thou gie  
To chace the shades o' wae,  
Whan first thou'st tauld o' wither'd hopes,  
That blum'd for mony a day.

Mine twin'd around that lovely maid  
Like ivy round the tree ;  
Wi' her they died ; ay, hope an' her  
Are reft alike frae me.  
Yet though within my heart there dwells  
A grief that winna die ;  
Nae tear-drops dew that maiden's grave,  
My wasted cheeks are dry.

Strange wayward feelings cloud my saul,—  
That saul, sin' hope has fled,  
Pines like the frame that girds it round,  
Ilk sense o' pleasure dead.  
But quick and sharp the glance it throws  
O'er a' the joys o' men ;  
An' wretched seems their baseless pride,  
Their boastings fause an' vain.

Ah brither men ! ah hapless race !  
Sae lang, sae wilful blind ;  
O' pride an' wae whare e'er ye pass,  
The tracks are left behind.

Ev'n wi' ye'r griefs ye'r follies twine,  
 Ye'r graves ye'r pride confess ;  
 Its graved upon the grey through-stane,  
 Busk'd in the last dead dress.

O'er wasted banes an' foul black dust  
 The marble veil is spread ;  
 Moulders aneath the naked scull,—  
 Aboon the shield o' pride.  
 Moulders aneath the naked scull,  
 Aneath is truth's domain ;—  
 Aboon, the tracks o' livin' men  
 Are fausehoods kent an' vain.

Dust, brither men, like that we tread,  
 Form'd sin' this warl' began,  
 The heaving breast o' bonny maid,  
 An' the arm o' mighty man.  
 Ay, soon the light-wing'd years attest  
 Whence might an' beauty came ;  
 Baith fail, though fam'd the warrior's glaive,  
 An' fierce the lover's flame.

This mony without thought could say ;  
 This few unharm'd can feel ;  
 Ah brither men, nor dull, nor trite  
 The truths our griefs reveal.

Whan first on the lorn heart they break  
Baith new an strange they shaw :  
“ An’ are earth’s ills sae sharp an staunch !  
Its joys sae baseless a’ !”

Dinna mistrust the wretched thing,  
My brithren o’ the sod,  
Wha bodes ye wae ; the path ye tread,  
Alas ! that path I’ve trod.  
Like your’s my spirit joy’d, like your’s  
My fond fule heart was glad  
Whan on a thing o’ brickle yird  
Its staunchest hopes were laid.

An’ can I no escape the thought  
That a’ my joys are gane !  
That never peace can bless my saul :  
I’ the land o’ livin’ men !  
Rise mem’ry, tell o’ Anna’s worth,  
Tell o’ her peerless blume,  
Her hopes sae fair, her love sae pure,  
But come na near her tomb.

First lovely to my gaze she seem’t  
On a bonny Sabbath morn ;  
’Twas at the time the wild rose casts  
Its fragrance round the thorn.

Half hid, on yonder crookit larch  
Her snaw-white arm was laid,  
An' thoughtfu' seemt her look, an' fix'd  
On the turf that veils the dead.

I look'd, an' look'd again, at length  
Her glance was rais'd to me ;  
The rose wax'd redder on her cheek,  
An' earthward turn'd her e'e.  
Her e'e mild as the deep blue sky  
At the cloudless hour o' noon,  
Whan leims the sun on the sleeping wave,  
In the bonny month o' June.

Right staid she seemt, for early thought  
On her brow his hand had laid,  
Though blended in her peerless form  
The lassie wi' the maid.  
Her's a fair woman's powers to please,  
Unwrang'd by woman's art,  
For throbb'd her swelling breasts aneath,  
The lassie's guileless heart.

Much I admir'd her face an' form,  
Though not her saul I kenn'd,  
For I sigh'd least art should rise an' mar  
A mien nae art could mend.

Fule sigh ! a saul pure an' sincere  
Frae a' her motions leimt,  
For she was a' that bard could feign,  
An' what she was she seemt.

That bonny morn pass'd quick awa,  
An' pass'd the noon-tide hour,  
An' evening fell, an' night's dark veil  
The fair scene cover'd o'er ;  
An' rose another bonny morn,  
An' pass'd another day,  
But never pass'd frae this fond heart  
That maiden's form away.

O ! love can make the timid bauld,  
Can loose the fault'ring tongue ;  
Love-fir'd, the heart courts loftiest deeds,  
An' high the lyre is strung.  
Ev'n I, whose wild unpolish'd mood  
My rustic friends wad blame,  
Wax'd gentle, an' invok'd the muse,  
That peerless maid my theme.

Days pass'd, an' now my patient steps  
That maiden's walks attend ;  
My vows had reach'd that maiden's ear,  
Ay, an' she ea'd me friend.

An' I was bless'd as bless'd can be :—  
 The fond daft dreamer Hope  
 Ne'er dreamed o' happier days than mine,  
 Or joys o' ampler scope.

Ye balmy shrubs, the rising breeze  
 Riots ye'r sweets amang !  
 Ye trees, the rustle o' ye'r leaves  
 Blends wi' the mavis' sang !  
 Enjoy ye'r prime, a sterner gale  
 In autumn's with'ring day,  
 Shall sweep ye flowers ye'r pride to dust,  
 Ye trees ye'r leaves away.

Nay, cease dark thought ! nay, cease da  
 thought !

'Tis o' past bless I tell.  
 O why in heart sae form'd for joy  
 Suld grief delight to dwell ?  
 O why suld pain frae pleasure spring ?  
 Frae ease why deadly smart ?  
 Ungrateful guest, ere pleasure flies  
 She sacks her lodge the heart.

O bonny, bonny blum'd the flowers,  
 O sweet the mavis sang,  
 Whan arm in arm that maid an I  
 Wander'd these woods amang ;

A fairer sky the sky appear'd,  
A lovier earth the earth,  
An' seem'd ilk scene, a scene o' joy,  
Ilk sound, a sound o' mirth.

There dwalls nae sorrow in this warl'  
To the heart that's glad an' gay,  
There dwalls nae pleasure in this warl'  
To the heart that's press'd wi' wae.  
This Anna said, an O ! I mind  
Ae half I own'd for true :  
My Anna's gane, for sooth I ken,  
Waes me ! the ither too.

O' neebour's failings, neebour's fauts  
Frae her nae word wald fa',  
For the pure she lo'ed, the gude she priz'd,  
An' the bad she pitied a'.  
An' she has said that they whose thoughts  
Can brood their ain hearts over  
Are the purest aye, and the readiest aye  
Their neebours' fauts to cover.

Ah cease my sang ! my heart wad break  
Afore my tongue could tell  
How that the wish'd for marriage day  
Was fix'd, and what befell.

The breast where guile had never dwalt,  
The seat of pain became ;  
Yet whiter wax'd my Anna's arm,  
And glow'd her cheek wi' flame.

Nay cease my sang ! my heart will break  
Afore my tongue can shaw  
How ane by ane my lofty hopes  
Took wing and hied awa',  
For aye she droop'd, waes me ! at length  
On death's mirk bed she lay,  
An' now she's gane, that loveliest maid,—  
My Anna's gane for aye.

The bonny flowers are a' in blume,  
The young leav'd woods are gay,  
The skies are clear, an' the little birds  
Warble the live-lang day ;  
But ah ! thus heart nae sympathy  
Wi' nature's joy can keep ;  
Would, I were laid by Anna's side,  
An' shar'd her dreamless sleep.

O ! mony a lovely hope was hers  
Wha lies these flowers aneath ;  
To her a Saviour's love was dear,  
An' a calm sleep seem'd death.

Aft has she pray'd o'er the pure page  
That tells o' bliss on high,  
That frae the sod draws the staid gaze  
To fix it on the sky.

But ah ! for me,—nay, words are vain :  
Here cease my mournfu' sang,  
Already link'd in mony a verse,  
An rude perchance as lang.  
I vainly dream'd that thou shouldst live  
Like sangs o' years gane by ;  
But na ! my Anna's dead an' gane,  
An' soon her name maun die.

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#### NOTE TO THE FOREGOING POEM.

HENRIE'S SANG is an imitation of a simple little poem which was written about the middle of the last century by David Henderson, a native of the parish of Cromarty. A history of this man, were it possible that such could now be written, would prove interesting, for he was one of those concerning whom Fortune and Nature seem at variance. From the latter he received talents of a cast much superior to those which she commonly bestows ; by the former he was placed in an obscure walk of life, and prevented from quitting it. He acquired the little education he ever possessed in a manner somewhat uncommon. When employed in tending a flock of sheep, he was taught to read by

a boy of similar occupation ; and he learned to write by imitating the letters of one of those copy-books used in schools, upon the smooth flat stones which he found on the sea shore.

The occasion of the poem, of which the foregoing is an imitation, was as follows :—When a young man he became attached to a girl named Ann Watson, who in her day was much celebrated for her charms, both personal and mental. She was beautiful to admiration, rationally, yet fervently pious, and possessed of a mind at once powerful and delicate. It is no wonder David could love such a one ; and as no disparity of condition formed an obstacle to the union, as she was a woman of sense and he a man of merit, in all probability she would have made him happy. But alas ! in the bloom of youth and odour of virtue, she was taken from him by that insidious disease, which, when it preys upon the vitals of its victims, renders their appearance more interesting, as if to make their loss the more regretted. She died of consumption, and David was left behind to mourn over her grave, and, when his grief had settled into a calm melancholy, to write a pretty simple ballad-like elegy to her memory. I have heard my mother say that a copy of this elegy was left by David at the grave of his mistress, where it was afterwards found by a person who preserved, and gave transcripts of it to several. I do not know that any of these are now to be found. The copy I possess is imperfect ; I wrote it last winter as the verses were repeated to me by my mother, who committed them to memory when a child.

I have found few of the old people with whom I conversed concerning David who knew that he made verses, but none of them were ignorant of his having been a good man. Indeed there appears to have been something uncommon in his character, for he was steady and unvolatile, though a poet ; and of a grave deportment, good natured, and a christian, though of a ready wit. He left this world for a better, after having attained to a good old age, six and twenty years ago, on the very day upon which his imitator, the writer of this, entered it. I subjoin his poem ;—it may prove interesting to those who love to contemplate a fine genius wrapt up in the dishabille of imperfect education.

Some of this description will be struck, on reading it with a thought, that the unknown authors of our much admired old ballads, such as Chevy-chace, Edom of Gordon, Gilmoreice, the bonny Earl of Murray, &c. were in talent and education not unlike David Henderson. For my own part I regard him as one of this class; and perhaps Addison would have thought so too.

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### ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG WOMAN.

She's slain by death that spareth none,  
 An object worthy love;  
 And for her sake was many a sigh;  
 No doubt she's now above.

A short sketch of this maiden's life  
 Keep in record I shall.

\* \* \* \* \*

In dress she loved to be neat,  
 In handsome trim would go;  
 She loved not to be above  
 Her station, nor below.

And she was charitable, meek,  
 And kind to every one;  
 For they that truly love their God  
 Do hatred bear to none.

\* \* \* \* \*

But to be short, and to have done  
 Of what I have to say,

In the midst of all prosperity  
She on a death-bed lay:

And when she on a death bed lay,  
To her were visits made  
By Ministers and Elders, who  
In her great pleasure had.

Because their questions unto them  
Concerning future things,  
Were wisely answer'd every one;—  
She lov'd the King of Kings.

Her friends might her envy,  
• • • • •  
Because of them she got the start  
Into that place prepar'd  
By Jesus Christ, the great High Priest,  
Who welcomes more to share.

Her leek-wake it was piously spent  
In social pray'r and praise,  
Performed by judicious men  
Who stricken were in days.

A thing uncommon in this place  
On such occasion—  
• • • • •

The neighbours round assembled all  
To bear her corpse away;  
And many a tear by young and old  
Was shed that mournful day.

But though she's laid in darksome grave,  
Since He for sin that bled  
Lay in that place, it has become  
To His a pleasant bed.

Though some may blame my confidence  
In her salvation,  
Yet many a one more wise than I  
Will join me in my song.

To them that ask what was her name  
Of whom my verses tell,  
'Twas Annie Watson, one whose charms  
All others did excell.

She was the first that ever I  
In beauty's bloom did see,  
Departing from the stage of time  
Into eternity.

O may her sex her imitate !  
Example from her take,  
And strive to gain the day of grace,  
And wicked ways forsake.

## SOLACE.

No star of golden influence hail'd the birth  
Of him who all unknown and lonely, pours  
    As fails the light of eve,  
    His pensive artless song.

Yea, those who mark out honour, wealth, ease, fame,  
As man's sole joys, shall find no joy in him ;  
    Yet of far nobler kind  
    His silent pleasures prove.

For not unmark'd by him the ways of men,  
Nor yet to him the ample page unknown,  
    Where trac'd by nature's hand  
    Is many a pleasing line.

O ! when the world's dull children bend the knee,  
Meanly obsequious, to some mortal god,  
    It yields no vulgar joy  
    Alone to stand aloof.

Or when they jostle on wealth's crowded road,  
And swell the tumult on the breeze, 'tis sweet,  
Thoughtful, at length reclin'd,  
To list the wrathful hum.

O ! what though foolish men affect to scorn  
The loitering dreamer of life's darkest shade,  
Stingless the jeer whose voice  
Comes from th' erroneous path.

Scorner, of all your toils the end declare !  
If pleasure, pleasure comes uncall'd to cheer  
The haunts of him who spends  
His hours in quiet thought.

O ! happier he who can repress desire,  
Than they who seldom mourn a thwarted wish ;  
The vassals they of fate,  
Th' unbending conqueror he.

And thou blest Muse, though rudely strung thy lyre,  
Its tones can guile the dark and lonesome day,  
Can smooth the wrinkled brow,  
And dry the sorrowing tear.

Thine many a bless, O ! many a solace thine ;  
By thee upheld the soul asserts her throne,

The chasten'd passions sleep,  
And dove-eyed peace prevails.

And thou fair Hope, when other comforts fail,—  
When night's thick mists descend, thy beacon flames  
Till glow the clouds around  
With beams of promised bliss.

Thou failest not, when mute the soothing lyre,  
Lives thy unfading solace ; sweet to raise  
Thy eye, O ! quiet Hope,  
And greet a friend in Heaven.

A friend, a brother, one whose awful throne  
In holy fear Heaven's mightiest sons approach ;  
One powerful to defend,  
And to destroy resistless.

O hope sublime ! 'tis undeceiving hope  
That builds upon th' Eternal, and the thought  
That truly tells of Him,  
From Him alone proceeds,

Truth's only source. Unsullied page of God,  
What were my steadiest hopes untaught of thee ?  
Dreams of the wakeful day,  
Bright, but delusive all.

What were my loftiest thoughts? children of doubt,  
Fancies,—perchance of staid and sober hue,  
But specious as the cloud  
That mocks the sailor's gaze.

When long by adverse winds and battling waves  
Held from the port desired, on summer's eve,  
When not a breath disturbs  
The silvery wave immense,

From the tall poop his longing eyes are turn'd,  
The purple hills, and woods, and fields to greet,  
The lakes and winding streams  
Ev'n of a land well known.

High joy is his; but lo! the breeze of eve  
Roughens the dark'ning main; in wreaths of cloud  
The lofty hills descend,  
The fields are roll'd away.

Ah sad illusion! the poor sailor's heart  
Grows cold and sick, for scarce a hope survives;  
Fix'd on the pictur'd cloud,  
Breeze-borne, they fled away.

Volume of God all hail! from thee alone  
Unblent with error flow the streams of truth.

O spring unsoil'd and pure,  
Welling from th' eternal rock,

Not as the dull forgetful brook art thou  
Of old by poets feign'd, whose turbid waves,  
Blent with the stream of time,  
Darken'd its measured flow ;

For thine the present, thine the doubtful past,  
And thine the wonders of a coming day ;  
The lyre of prophecy,  
The awful voice of God.

Man of dark studious brow, thy painful years  
Are spent in gloomy cell, where all around  
The lore of ancient days  
Thy patient search abides :

Say art thou wise ! throughout the cheerful day  
O'er the broad page thy failing eyes are thrown,  
And when the sober night  
Bids the tir'd peasant rest,

Thy lamp's red flame, ev'n till the dawn of morn,  
Draws the staid gaze of watchful mariner,  
As coasting patient on  
He wooes the breeze of night.

lay art thou wise ! evil prevails on earth,  
 The shouts of war, famine's dire groans arise,  
 And hideous Tyranny  
 Uplifts his front to Heaven ;

While virtue (if in truth on earth there lives  
 That which the Poets praised) is vetted more,  
 And lo ! 'mid gath'ring shades,  
 Wide yawns th' abhorred vault ;

It closeth :—sure like fate awaits on all,  
 And like reward ! say, know'st thou aught of death ?  
 Say, in life's troublous scene  
 Does aught of God appear ?

Poor wretch art silent ! madly gay or griev'd,  
 As dreams of seeming truth or doubts arise,  
 Thy long laborious life  
 Is spent in doing nought.

The fleeting shades that o'er the summer mead  
 At noon-tide sail, telling how speeds the breeze  
 Viewless, through upper air,  
 When all is calm beneath,

Are emblems of thy thoughts ; the icy tower  
 Wafted by tides, and gates, and heaving waves

From Sembla's dreary coasts  
To regions of the Sun,

Shews semblance meet to all thy systems fair.—  
Sporting with the gay sunbeam, glitt'ring bright,  
Lo, on the ocean's verge  
A precious gem it seems ;

Now nearer borne, bright spires and domes arise,  
And battled towers, and turrets loop'd around,  
And roofs of gorgeous halls,  
And palaces sublime ;

And now still nearer borne, it towers confess'd  
A hard cold icy mass ; no shelter there  
The crew of found'ring bark  
Finds from the greedy wave,

But rather death. See how unresting change,  
• As darts the beam that gilds it and destroys,  
Flits o'er its shapeless spires,  
Moulding their forms anew.

In fleshly bark on life's rough ocean toss'd,  
Say, dost thou trust man of the thoughtful brow,  
To that cold icy cliff,  
So soon to melt away ?

lay, art thou wise ! soon shall the tempest rave,  
And the deep rayless shades of night descend ;  
    Soon o'er the faithless main  
    Shall death's dread vassals rage.

Perchance against that cliff thy hapless bark  
May strike, toss'd by the surge ; one echoing crash  
    Above the wide spread roar  
    Would rise, one fearful shriek,

And straightway, stillness reign, the calm of death,  
Thus Cato, Brutus thus in fate's dark hour,  
    Struck 'gainst the trusted cliff  
    On which their hopes were rear'd ;

And from life's twilight to the midnight shades  
Of death were driven ; the storm rag'd, but its pow'r  
    To ravage and destroy,  
    Their treach'rous refuge gave.

Say, wilt thou learn, man of th' unending toil,  
Of care, and doubt, and system,—wilt thou learn  
    How all things are, and why,  
    And what th' appointed end ?

Say, wilt thou learn of Him on whom thy hopes  
May safe repose, nor fear th' outrageous blast ?

Nay, but thou smil'st in scorn,  
And frowns that brow of pride.

Not to the slave of ancient Greece,\* nor yet  
To him the sculptor,† wisest deemed of men,  
I woo thy mem'ry forth,  
Th' unseemly gibe to quell :

For mine no boast of native pow'rs sublime,  
O'er toil triumphant and the lack of lore ;  
Not mine the skill to teach,  
Go search the page of Heaven.

It tells how this bright world and the fair stars  
Sprung into being, how th' Eternal word  
Bade thinking souls exist,  
And matter heave with life.

How ill began, and how for wretched men,  
He who on Heaven's high throne exalted sat,  
Ruling that universe  
His potent word gave birth,

Descended, and a man of many woes,  
A houseless, homeless wand'rer, griev'd and poor,

---

\* Epictetus

† Socrates.

The sport of tempting fiends,  
Of fools the scorn became.

It tells how tortur'd, smitten, mock'd, despis'd,  
Of men forsaken and betray'd, by God  
Forsaken too, he bled  
Stretch'd on the murder's cross ;

Wept, groan'd, and died, and in the silent tomb  
Lay prostrate, the ungrieving thrall of death,—  
Of death, its robe of power  
Fett'ring each blood-stain'd limb.

Lo, he has risen ! on the polished arms  
Of the fear-stricken soldier, gleams a light  
Like that of summer's morn  
By gentle streamlet caught.

And death flies howling, and the powers of hell  
Hie to their dark and dolorous abode,  
Ev'n in the home of pain  
Severer pain to hide.

Lo, he has risen ! to the awful sky  
O turn thy gaze, man of the thoughtful brow,  
Thence, 'mid the blest of Heaven,  
Is fix'd th' eternal throne,

Ev'n of the man thy Brother, ev'n of Him  
Thy God, who form'd and soon will judge the world:  
The friend of hapless man,  
His hand is stretch'd to save.

What is the smile of kings, the voice of mirth,  
Of wealth the joy, of fame the fickle breath;  
What all the glitt'ring baits  
That tempt earth's atheist sons?

Little, and poor, and vile. Fair page of truth,  
Is God my God! say am I known of Him,  
Whose hand sustains the sky,  
With all its glitt'ring host?

Say, am I known, yea, known and much belov'd,  
Of Him, the King of kings, the Lord of lords:  
Swell heart with loftiest joy!  
Vile thoughts of earth retire!

Retire, I love you not:—Now, O my God!  
Thou of the ear and eye attent, descend,  
And as thy Spirit chas'd  
The deep, the eternal shades

That o'er th' outrageous waves of the dead earth  
Hung brooding, so ev'n now thy living light

Pour on my darken'd heart,  
With sin dispelling beam;

For evil passions, low and faithless cares,  
Desires that brood o'er earthly things, and doubts,  
Hell born, and wishes foul,  
Oft make a dwelling there.

Descend, O son of David! Lord, thy heart,  
Save that it knows not sin, is form'd like mine;  
Round it temptations raged,  
My foes rage every where;

Within, without, around: O! I am weak,  
Yea, strengthless wholly in a righteous cause  
Are all my native powers,  
Though strong in evil act.

Shield me ev'n from myself, save from the fiend;  
As are the grains of summer dust compared  
With those vast orbs that roll  
Round the fair source of light,

So are my powers to his; but his with thine  
Compare not; finite, and utter weakness,  
Are terms, O Lord, to thee  
Of like import and power,

Rejoice my soul in God ! Rejoice in God !  
He is thy wisdom, He, O soul, thy strength ;  
All fulness dwells in Him,  
From Him all blessings flow.

Conqueror of death ! joy of th' accepted soul !  
O ! wonders raise no doubt when told of thee,  
Thy way past finding out ;  
Thy love can tongue declare ?

Cheer'd by thy smile, peace dwells amid the storm ;  
Held by thy hand, the floods assail in vain ;  
With grief is blent a joy,  
And beams the vault of death.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL  
AND JONATHAN.

## I.

The beauty of Israel is slain;  
Her green hills are crimson'd with gore,  
And the comfortless mourners are mourning in vain.  
For the mighty are mighty no more.  
O ! tell not the tale in the ear of the foe  
Of the ruin his sword hath made,  
For faster still our tears must flow,  
If mingles his shout with our wail of woe,  
If the sons of the Gentile be glad :—  
O tell not the tale to the warriors of Gath,  
For their mirth will be cruel as deadly their wrath..

## II.

On the hills where join'd the disast'rous fray  
No rain shall descend, no sunbeam play ;

Hills of Gilboa be sad !

Your summits the dark clouds of sorrow shall veil,

For the tree shall die, and the green herb fail,

Where the shield of the mighty was cast away,

Where sunk th' anointed head.

Alas ! for the pride of Israel hath fail'd,

Jonathan's bow, and the sword of Saul,

Oft red they return'd from the crimson'd field,

Now the Heathen rejoice in their fall ;

For broken they lie, (O Israel deplore !)

And red, but not with Philistian gore.

### III.

Alas ! the glories of Israel wither,

Ah, mighty Sire ! ah, mighty Son !

The pride of our vallies ye flourish'd together,—

Together your race is run.

And the quiv'ring cheek, and the tearful eye

Of the mourners that wander out alone,

And the widow's wail, and the warrior's sigh,

Tell that the glory of Israel is gone.

Ye were swift as the eagle of tireless wing,

When he mounts from the gaze of men,

And strong as the desert's wrathful king,

When the vallies wild with his roarings ring,

And resounds the dashings din.

## IV.

Daughters of Israel, ye mourn !  
 The fair are sad when the mighty fall ;  
 Ye weep, for the banners of Israel are torn,  
 And broken the brand of Saul :  
 The gifts of his love on your robes are shown,  
 The stainless gold, and the sparkling stone.

## V.

Alas ! for the strength of Israel hath fail'd,  
 Fail'd in the deathful fray ;  
 Jonathan's crest lies soil'd on the field,  
 His honours are reft away.  
 My brother, my guardian, my guide,  
 How desolate this bosom ! how desolate and void  
 Wild beats my heart while thy deeds I proclaim ;  
 For thy love was high as the warrior's pride,  
 And pure as the virgin's flame.  
 Long for thee shall my sorrowings flow,—  
 Long the voice of my harp be a wail of woe ;  
 O ! how have the dark clouds o'ershadow'd thy fame !  
 O ! how are the mighty laid low !  
 The beauty of Israel is slain,  
 Her green hills are crimson'd with gore,  
 And the comfortless mourners are mourning in vain,  
 For the mighty are mighty no more.

## PSALM XIII.

Weary and woe-o'erpress'd I pine,  
Forsaken Lord by hope and thee ;  
Bereavement's bitterest pangs are mine,  
And turns, still turns thy face from me.

Ah ! where can now my trust repose,  
My hope victory or peace to win,  
When rage without my deadly foes,  
And doubt and terror reign within.

O turn my God to me thine ear,  
Strengthen awhile my feeble breath,  
Ere press'd with woe and wasting care  
I sleep the long dark sleep of death.

My God, when low in darkness laid,  
Of heart elate th' insulting foe  
Shall trample o'er my prostrate head,  
And boast the power that laid me low.

And wilt thou thus my griefs prolong ?  
Thus quench my hopes ? thus aid my foes ?  
No ! Lord on thee I've trusted long,  
On thee my trust shall still repose.

'Tis thine to bid the heart rejoice,  
That long has pin'd with grief and pain ;  
Lord, solac'd thus, with harp and voice  
To thee shall rise my grateful strain.

## FRAGMENTS OF AN ODE TO HOPE.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet raise once more thy soothing strain :—

Ha ! blooms the wreath of fame for me ?

No more I court her smiles in vain,

For freed from care, from labour free,

This hand th' Aonian lyre shall sway

Boldly, and ev'ry passing breeze

That bears my rapt'rous strain away

Shall bear me back the voice of praise.

Ah, false one ! ne'er that wreath must bind

This brow, the brows it dances o'er

Are sure th' abodes of giant mind,

And I am weak in thought, and poor.

And false one, though 'tis very grief

To think or speak of what must be,

Now listen, and in sentence brief,

Of future time I'll tell to thee.

Incred'lous ! who ere, save the muse,

The Prophet's sacred mantle wore ?

None, nor false thing will mine refuse

To cast one piercing glance before.

See'st thou that grave ? does mortal know  
Aught of the dust that lies below ?  
'Tis foul, 'tis damp, 'tis void of form,  
A bed where winds the loathsome worm,  
A little heap mould'ring and brown,  
Like that on flow'rless meadow thrown  
By mossy stream, when winter reigns  
O'er leafless woods, and wasted plains ;  
And yet that brown, damp, formless heap,  
Once glow'd with feelings keen and deep,  
Once eyed the light, once heard each sound  
Of earth, wave, air, that murmurs round ;  
But now, ah now ! the name it bore,  
Sex, age, or form, is known no more ;  
This, this alone, O hope, I know,  
That once the dust that lies below  
Was like myself of human race,  
And made this world its dwelling place.  
Ah this, when death has swept away  
The myriads of life's present day,  
Though bright the visions rais'd by thee,  
Will all my fame, my history be.

\* \* \* \*

Yet raise once more thy soothing strain,  
Nor heed thou fond deceiving thing

Though truth should tell of care and pain,  
 And felon pleasure's mortal sting.  
 Once more assume thy wonted smile ;  
 Thou know'st fond thing my fortune mean,  
 To care my nights, my days to toil  
 Have long by fate devoted been.  
 Deceiver ! to that thymy bank  
 Where flowers of loveliest hues arise,  
 Where waves the poplar tall and dank,  
 Why thus direct my longing eyes ?  
 Why flame these heaps of hoarded gold ?  
 How canst thou wear that sober brow ?  
 For me ! for me these sums untold !  
 Nay, Hope, thou'st sure turn'd jester now.  
 Too little touch'd with love of pelf,  
 A careless toil-predestin'd elf .  
 I live, to me the art unknown  
 Of sagely adding one to one.  
 But hold, I trace thy meaning now,  
 Beneath that hillock's verdant brow  
 My rest shall be, when worldly store  
 Shall glad or grieve my heart no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

## LIFE, — A LYRIC POEM.

---

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,  
Wirk for the joy that lentis evir :  
For uder joy is all bot vane,  
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

*Dunbar.*

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### PREFACE.

IN this poem I have attempted to imitate the inspired person of Ecclesiastes, in the subject and manner of that book. Like most of the Old Testament writers, he is simple and sublime; vivid in description, concise in sentiment, abrupt in transition. In my imitation I have adopted, for its simplicity, the stanza of the pastoral ballads of Shenstone and Rowe. In the expression of sentiment I have attempted brief compression of thought, with an eye to that vigorous conciseness which distinguishes the writings of Dryden; and as models of abrupt transition I had in view the Pindaric odes of Cowley. If I do not entertain false ideas concerning the peculiarities of the muse of inspiration, nor yet been unsuccessful in combining those of the writers I mention, I have succeeded in giving some of the characteristics of Hebrew poetry to English verse.

Besides, the character which the book I imitate bears in common with other books of the Old Testament, it has one peculiarly its own. In reading the others we never forget that the penmen are inspired; for they are every where confident, and when they instruct they command. It is not so with the Preacher. We see him in the character of one seeking after happiness and knowledge; and in the search embracing the whole round of earthly enjoyment, and exhausting all the acuteness of human ingenuity. He frequently appears disappointed, as if he knew not what he had to expect; and he seems to learn the nothingness of grandeur, the madness of mirth, the insufficiency of wisdom, and the unhappiness of knowledge, rather from common experience than by the inspiration of the Spirit. Let me not be misunderstood. I deem all the books received as canonical by the church to be Scripture; and I regard the book that shews us a Solomon weak and unhappy, as conveying one of the finest lessons of inspiration.

I have attempted to give my poem the peculiarity of manner which I describe. In the first chapter I consider the evils of life as they appear through the gloom of scepticism. In the second and third I show that we cannot escape those evils, either by becoming dissipated or by becoming philosophers. In the fourth, that escape from them is not hopeless; and that to have faith is to be happy. If I have failed in imitating my author, I have produced something new; but the attainment of originality, mere originality, is neither meritorious nor difficult. The merit and difficulty lies in being at once original and pleasing. Any one may combine simple sounds in a manner entirely new; to compose of such sounds an exquisite air, is the work of taste and genius.

## LIFE.

## Chapter First.

You tell me 'tis weak to complain,  
And that pleasure's gay triumphs are rife :  
Can my Strephon find mirth in my pain ?  
Has he mus'd on the mis'ries of life ?  
The gloom of my spirit he blames,  
Of fancy he bids me beware,  
And of caution's dull meed he declaims,  
As if joy were the offspring of care.

Ah Strephon ! not reckless nor wild  
The course of thy minstrel has been ;  
Nor fancy to woe has beguil'd ;  
By dark'ning the gloom of the scene.  
Yet his is a thought-rooted woe,  
His a langour that yields not to mirth :  
Ere Strephon his censures bestow,  
Let us muse on the mis'ries of earth.

Joy sinks 'neath the pressure of toil,  
In leisure's dull langour it dies  
Hope smiles, but ah, trust not her smile,  
She flies, comes despair for she flies.  
Comes sorrow, if pleasure be sought,  
Comes grief, if the search we forgo.  
Low cares dog the feeble of thought,  
Deep thought proves the herald of woe.

We doubt what our senses reveal,  
Yet much they reveal not we fear.  
We know not that prayers prevail,  
But the prayerless die in despair.  
Dark woe courts the insults of ruth,  
Dark wrongs wake the phrenzies of rage.  
We blush for the madness of youth,  
We sigh o'er the mis'ries of age.

For oh ! when life's night cometh on,  
Its twilight of pain and decay,  
When the sunbeams of fancy are gone,  
And each dear lov'd companion away,  
'Tis sad to stay ling'ring behind,  
To count the dull hours as they fly,  
To recall vanish'd pleasures to mind,  
To think of the present, and sigh.

'Tis sad at the dread hour of night,  
 All sleepless to lie, and alone,  
 To picture wild forms of affright,  
 And start when the night breezes moan.  
 'Tis sad at the dull bed of death,  
 To list the deep groan of despair ;  
 To mark the last lingering breath  
 Depart without blessing or pray'r.

Lo ! Valour has thron'd him sublime,  
 The nations attend at his car,  
 But dark are his triumphs of crime,  
 His glories the butch'ries of war.  
 His blade courts the splendours of heaven,  
 And streams his red banner unfurl'd,  
 And woe to himself he has given,  
 And mis'ry and grief to the world.

O ! weary and long were my lay,  
 Did I ope half the fountains of ill ;  
 The *numerous* the bard may portray,  
 The *infinite* baffles his skill.  
 Ev'n the feelings we couple with bliss,  
 Are feelings that chafe and annoy ;  
 Ev'n the elements rage to distress,  
 The winds and the waters destroy.

'Tis sad on the wave-beaten shore,  
 When wild swells the storm in its wrath,  
 To list 'mid the terrible roar  
 The scream of dismay and of death.  
 Why sing of that sadness and pain  
 Which the lover forsaken must know?  
 There lives not a poet whose strain  
 Would disdain for that lover to flow.

My Strephon, still sadness attends  
 The poor fragile child of decay,  
 As earthward in darkness he wends  
 On his rough and his sorrowful way.  
 Thick mists still hang over his road,  
 Around him pale phantoms arise,  
 To the dust with vile cares he is bow'd,  
 And, the sad close to all, lo, he dies.

He dies, and the depths of the tomb  
 Send forth neither murmur nor groan,  
 But dark and unlovely its gloom,  
 And sad is the sepulchre-stone.  
 O! sad and unlovely is life;  
 And death's still more direful and fell;  
 The first is a tempest, a strife,  
 The last,—O what mortal can tell!

## LIFE.

## Chapter Second.

I'll turn me from sadness and grief,  
Nor longer dishearten'd repine ;  
The revel shall yield me relief,  
And the solace of mirth shall be mine.  
Uncheer'd by the dance or the song,  
Or the shouts of the mirthful and gay,  
Far, far have I wander'd and long,  
On a rough and a wearisome way.

The sadness of life have I prov'd,  
While pleasure and gladness I sought ;  
I courted the muse that I lov'd,  
And found but the darkness of thought :  
In fame long I plac'd my delight,  
But fame I no longer regard ;  
I dream'd that the goddess would slight,  
Pride rose, and I spurn'd her reward.

Hark, swells not the song of the gay !  
The shouts of the mirthful arise ;  
If life be a fast fleeting day,  
To spend it in gladness is wise.  
O haste ! let the frolic have birth,  
The jest and the mingling of soul ;  
I long for the pleasures of mirth,  
I welcome the sweets of the bowl.

The enjoyment of thought is but woe ;  
The whisp'rings of knowledge are dread !  
Come, listen companions, and know  
How wretched the life I have led.  
I've mourn'd in the fair hours of light,  
My nights have pass'd sleepless-away ;  
Day long, have I sigh'd for the night,  
Night long, have I languish'd for day. \*

What life is, too well have I known,  
And death seems more terrible still ;  
Ev'n the mourner turns pale at its frown,  
And clings in his fear to his ill.  
I ask'd, and a thousand replied,  
For what, and through whom do I live ?

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\* Deuteronomy, chap. xxviii. 66, 67, ver.

In patience I listen'd, and sigh'd,  
That I could not both think and believe.

And then, when I mused on the past,  
Or turn'd to the future my view,  
Around me, and o'er me was cast  
A veil of the gloomiest hue.  
Of destiny, evil, and pain ;  
By thought, in its madness, 'twas twin'd :\*  
Seem'd reason unstable and vain ;  
And virtue a dream of the mind.

If death were a sleep of the soul,—  
A sleep where no dreamings annoy,  
Like racer that pants for his goal,  
I'd hail it with gladness and joy.  
But oh ! when this brain shall decay,  
When the pulse of this bosom is gone,  
The feeling that fled from my clay  
May live in its mis'ry alone.

Come, fill up the bowl to the brim,  
And twine for my temples the wreath ;

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\* Questions of Liberty and Necessity, the origin of Evil, &c.

In age shall each comfort grow dim,  
And silent, and mirthless is death.  
Then catch the dark hours as they fly,  
And broider them o'er with delight ;  
Pause not, for the spoiler is nigh,  
The mourners may sorrow ere night. \*

O why do your revellings cease !  
Alas ! is your gladness away ?  
I came to partake of your bliss,  
And lo ! ye turn pale at my lay.  
No longer the revel can please,  
No longer seems madness a joy ;  
Alas ! that such comforts as these  
The demon of thought can destroy.

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\* Ecclesiastes, xi. 9.

## LIFE.

## Chapter Third.

O ! gloomy and heartless the strain  
That tells of the sorrows of earth,  
Of doubt, death, oppression, and pain,  
And the madness of folly and mirth.  
'Tis true, that the laugh of the gay,  
That the song of the mirthful shall fail;  
That pleasure shall vanish away,  
And silence and darkness prevail.

'Tis true, that the pitfalls of death,  
Beneath us are yawning in gloom ;  
That life is a flickering breath,  
That rest may not dwell in the tomb.  
But why, when Philosophy's voice  
Is proudly exalted on high,  
To teach the lorn wretch to rejoice,  
And the fearful with boldness to die,

Why lend not an ear to her strain ?  
She tells us of virtue and peace ;  
She tells us that grieving is vain,  
That passion, when man wills, shall cease.  
For not with the evils of fate  
Comes grief to a spirit resigned ;  
For, not in the mock'ries of hate  
Dwells anger, its seat is the mind.

She boasts that her vot'ries arose  
Triumphant o'er evil and fear ,  
Dar'd death with her precepts oppose,  
And dried when she solaced the tear.  
Her Socrates joy'd when his breath  
Was short'ning, and glazing his eye ;  
Her Adrian triumph'd o'er death ;  
Her Seneca gloried to die.

The Sailor, when tempest assails,  
Will steer his frail bark to the shore ;  
Then hearken ! since sorrow prevails,  
Why prize not the comforter more ?  
Alas ; though a Queen she appear,  
Her solace but adds to our pain ;  
Her loud voice of boasting we hear,  
But we know 'tis uplifted in vain.

Unreal the solace she bears,—  
    Poor victim of change and decay,  
Her teachings are mingled with fears,  
    Dark mist-clouds o'ershadow her way.  
Though folly and ill she oppose,  
    Though flourish the arts at her nod,  
Yet earth-born,—from dust she arose,—  
    The Greek her creator and god.

She tells us that virtue shall live  
    When quench'd are the beams of the sun ; \*  
How lovely ! but who can believe  
    Of reward seen awarded to none !  
Alas ! were there truth in her strain,  
    It comes not with power to man ;  
As now, not more guilty nor vain,  
    He liv'd ere her empire began.

O Virtue ! (how powerless the sound !)  
    Ev'n Brutus confess'd thee a shade,  
When triumph'd thy foes, and around  
    The free and the faithful bled.  
Vain, vain are thy precepts to men ;  
    Dark crimes, and deep sorrows are rife :  
Thy pleasures are baseless and vain,  
    O ! sad and unlovely is life !

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See Plato's *Phædon*.

## LIFE.

## Chapter Fourth.

The gay hopes of pleasure are quell'd,  
The musings of reason are vain,  
Mirth fails, and philosophy's shield  
Is pierced by the arrows of pain.  
O soul! to thy fate be resign'd,  
No close thy dark grievings can know;  
No solace thy searchings can find,  
For very existence is woe.

Yet rises one star in that sky  
Where false fleeting meteors have play'd;  
In splendour 'tis bright'ning on high,  
It beams without twinkling or shade.  
This breast, long the haunt of remorse,  
Must anguish for ever engross!  
I'll follow that star in its course,  
It leads,—to the foot of the Cross.

Say, riseth that beacon in vain ?

By pleasures gay sons, 'tis abhorr'd :

But what are the scoffings of men

Opposed to the love of the Lord !

In rev'rence I'll bend at his throne ;

I'll quit the dull gods I have serv'd ;

I'll own that the grief I have known

Was joy to the woe I deserv'd.

This heart,—O ! what zeal has been there

For a worship that conscience decried ;

Ambition has listen'd my pray'r,

I've sung lofty peans to pride.

Mid-day beams of freedom and peace

I've talk'd of oppression and strife ;

And spurning the offers of grace

I've mourn'd o'er the mis'ries of life.

I've liv'd to revile and oppose

God's law, and his mercies sublime !

Is pardon the meed he bestows

For a life time of mock'ry and crime !

Hark ! shrieks the foul demon of pride,

Mourns death o'er the wreck of his prison,

O shout, for the living has died !

Rejoice, for the dead has arisen !

No longer around me is spread  
The veil of the Stygian loom !  
No longer, by terrors dismay'd,  
I wander in darkness and gloom !  
The day-beam around me is cast,  
The day-beam that visits from high :  
O bitter, misfortune, thy blast !  
But calm the repose of the sky !

Arise my cheer'd soul in thy might,  
And tell of his mercies to men,  
Who vanquish'd the aliens in fight,  
Who conquer'd by suff'ring and pain.  
O bid the far isles to rejoice  
In the path a Redeemer has trod ;\*  
O tell them, and strengthen thy voice,  
That pledg'd is the faith of a God.

O tell that the shades of the tomb  
Are pierc'd by a lovelier ray  
Than that which first brighten'd the gloom,  
When up sprung the earliest day.  
Exhaust—in his dungeon reclin'd  
The quell'd king of terrors appears ;

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\* Isaiah, xii. 49, and xlii. 10,

No longer his fetters can bind,  
No longer the sceptre he bears.

O ! what's e'en the night cover'd sea,  
Though wildly it swells in its wrath,  
Or what are the shouts of the fray  
To him who is reckless of death !  
O ! what are the tyrants of clay,  
When reigneth our Lord in the sky ;  
They threaten and boast for a day,  
At night in corruption they lie.

To him who depends on his Lord,  
The sorrows of age are unknown ;  
For him who in faith has ador'd  
The suff'rings of Jesus atone.  
In Him may the mourner be glad ;  
In Him ev'ry pleasure is rife ;  
Yea ! bright is the house of the dead,  
And lovely the changes of life.

## ELEGY WRITTEN AT SEA.

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He must not float upon his wat'ry bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.  
*Milton.*

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'Tis night ; around our bark the gloomy wave  
All lonely heaves, nor shore nor skiff is nigh ;  
The gales are sleeping in their mountain cave ;  
Dull silence reigns supreme, save when the cry  
Of wakeful mew disturbs, or when on high  
The slacken'd sail flaps to the rolling main ;  
The orb of night, thron'd in the western sky,  
Sheds her expiring rays athwart the scene ;  
Mournful as tyrant king stretch'd on the couch of pain.

And now, all wakeful, on th' unvexed tide  
Awhile by fortune cast, lone watch I keep ;  
Be still ye swelling thoughts ! ye vaguely chide,  
Ev'n as the unlovely dreams of fev'rish sleep ;

Sure oft ye've hover'd o'er the wrathful deep,  
When howl'd the storm, and o'er the dang'rous  
    shore,  
And perch'd on secret shelve and sounding steep,  
And bade dull rocks for wretched men deplore ;  
Sure dost not fear that wave ye oft have wander'd o'er?

No ! yet I love thee not sepulchral sea,  
" Grave of my kindred, of my sire the grave ;"  
I love thee not,—my grandsire sleeps in thee,  
In thee his brothers sleep ; vent'rous and brave,  
Onewander'd patient o'er thy breast, O wave !  
The boast and joy of Anson's warrior train ;  
Dauntless that sailor heard the wild winds rave,  
Saw the fight rage, for rich with gold of Spain,  
Of home he thought and joy'd,—alas ! his joys were  
    vain.

Ah fate severe ! when from the castled poop  
Gay, joy-bright eyes fair Albion's cliffs descried,  
Anguish was his, as on the mirthful group  
He turn'd his languid dark'ning gaze, and sigh'd ;  
Ah wond'rous sweet that life by fate denied !  
Ah wond'rous sweet when of his home he thought,  
His sire, his friends, his love ; alas ! he died ;  
And long, by hope beguil'd, his kindred sought  
For tidings of their boy ;—deep woe these searchings  
    brought.

I love thee not, thou deep sepulchral wave,  
 Thy mountain billows were my grandsire's bier;  
 Quiet man, he fondly hoped his father's grave,  
 Where bloom'd the little flowers when smil'd the  
     year,  
 Should one day darken'd o'er his dust appear.  
 Stern wave, his bones in thy dark caves are laid !  
 One day he trimm'd his bark, the skies were clear,  
 Soft breath'd the gale, glad o'er thy breast he hied,  
 Night came, fierce howl'd the storm, he toil'd, he  
     sunk, he died.

Twelve moons before, in Croma's shelt'ring bay,  
 His second brother sunk, nor rose again ;  
 Full oft my grandsire shap'd his lonely way  
 The winding shores along, and ask'd the main  
 For that lov'd brother's corse, but ask'd in vain :  
 The stubborn wave dash'd heedless o'er the shore ;  
 Cruel as fierce it mock'd the suff'ers pain :  
 Ah ! long its scorn, at length its wrath he bore,  
 For o'er his head it clos'd, and grief disturb'd no  
     more.

And thou, my father, when I think of thee  
 My eyelids moisten with th' unwonted tear ;  
 For thou wert brave as gentle, kind as free,  
 Stranger alike to brutal rage or fear,

A tender friend, to all thy kindred dear,  
Thy soul's intelligence a flash of light,  
To tyrant sway and tyrant men severe,  
Peace seldom listen'd to thy deeds of might,  
But dauntless warrior thou when clos'd the deathful  
fight.

And oft the fight around thee clos'd my sire,  
Oft the red falchion grac'd thy awful hand ;  
Alas ! unfitly fram'd my rustic lyre  
To sing the triumphs of the warrior's brand,  
The fray wild thund'ring, and th' ensanguin'd  
strand :  
Yet, gentle warrior, thine no vulgar bard ;  
His strains ne'er flow'd at interest's base command,  
Ne'er flatter'd vice, ah ! his the best reward,—  
A self-approving soul, a much lov'd friend's regard.

Thy birth, thy death, thy deeds of bold emprise,  
Thy patient wand'rings o'er the treach'rous brine,  
Fain would I sing. Spirit of song arise !  
Awake fair Muse, and be thy numbers mine ;  
Inspire my grateful song, bid strength combine  
With all the sweetness of th' Aonian lyre ;  
Fain would I frame a little lasting shrine,  
And on it grave thy name my honour'd sire,  
And round to deck and guard light up the Muse's fire.

Alas ! the Fates forbid ; yet shall my lay,  
Though rudely fram'd, thy worth, thy toils declare :  
Scowl'd bleak misfortune on thy infant day,  
Bereavement's bitt'rest pangs thy mother's were,  
Heart-sick'ning woe, sharp want, and carking care,  
And grief for pleasures gone, and bodings wild,  
Her only solace thou, to ward despair,  
A little passionless ungrieving child,  
Who all unskill'd to mourn, saw her sad tears and  
smil'd.

But years pass'd by ; to want and toil inur'd,  
Th' ungrieving child a sailor boy became ;  
And many a hardship on the wave endur'd,  
Whose baleful strength might well the hardiest  
tame ;  
They quell'd not thee, thine was a soul of flame,  
That fiercer, brighter blaz'd in dang'rous time,  
Steel'd by the wintry blast, thy temper'd frame  
Dar'd all unharm'd the deaths of every clime,  
From India's parched plains to Sembla's snows  
sublime.

The years pass'd by ; fam'd was thy sinewy arm  
For feats of strength, thy soul for bold emprise ;  
The first when rag'd the fight or roar'd the storm,  
Yet all unboastful, calm, retir'd, and wise ;

Few mark'd the hero in his quiet disguise,  
Or wist what slept beneath thy soul's command ;  
'Twas when occasion bade thy might arise  
That doubts and fears perplex'd th'oppressor's band,  
And died the cruel heart, and fail'd the ruthless hand.

Twice didst thou dare the wave to snatch from death  
A poor toil destin'd swain, and luckless boy ;  
Once when the midnight billows foam'd beneath  
The beetling cliffs, toiling in dire employ,  
Though tides, and waves, and winds, rose to destroy,  
Thy little pinnace left the sounding shore ;  
Joy to the found'ring bark ! a voice of joy  
Swells loud, wild mingling with the tempest's roar,  
"Haste sailors, quit your bark, the waves are  
gath'ring o'er !"

Not meagre want disturb'd thy mother's age,  
Comfort and quiet cheer'd her lonely way ;  
Save when the sweeping blast with wintry rage  
Howl'd through the hideous night and cheerless day;  
Ah ! then her dreams of joy would fade away,  
As roam'd her fancies o'er th' enraged tide,  
And darksome thoughts clos'd round ; — but  
Heaven's glad ray  
Would rise, and these disperse ; oft had she pray'd  
For thee, her latest stay, her solitary pride.

Not all unanswer'd was that widow's prayer,  
For oft around thee dangers clos'd in vain ;  
Yea, thou hast breath'd unharm'd the tainted air,  
When all around arose the moans of pain ;  
Three days a pris'ner on th' Indian main  
Th' upturn'd keel thy resting place remain'd ;  
Twelve hours the mountain billows roll'd amain  
Thy bark in triumph o'er on Scotia's strand ;  
And thrice the desert's king fled from thy awful brand.

Prepare, O Muse ! of deadly fight to sing,  
Of wars whose thund'rings calm'd th' affrighted sea :  
Alas my lyre ! slackens thy every string,  
When wak'd to loftiest strains thy chords should be ?  
The hero's battle deeds are not for thee,  
Thine be a fainter, thine a lowlier strain,  
Perchance ev'n low as song of mountain bee ;  
And yet thy voice was ne'er awaked in vain,  
Grief flies the sound dismay'd, and fly the fiends of  
pain.

Of death prepare to sing ! of awful death !  
Say wherefore awful to th' accepted soul ?  
On earth Joy nestles in the conqueror's wreath,  
Her flowerets bloom around the mirthful bowl,  
She visits love : but fate with stern control  
Casts clouds and darkness o'er her loveliest day ;

O ! 'tis when honest worth attains its goal,  
 That fadeless pleasure pours th' eternal ray,  
 While Change on earth remains, lord of the mould'ring  
 clay.

Round Albyn's western shores a lonely skiff  
 Is coasting slow, the adverse winds detain ;  
 And now she rounds secure the dreaded cliff,  
 Whose horrid ridge beats back the northern main ;  
 And now the whirling Pentland roars in vain  
 Her stern beneath, for fav'ring breezes rise,  
 The green isles fade, whitens the wat'ry plain,  
 O'er its vex'd waves with meteor speed she flies,  
 Till Moray's distant hills o'er the blue waves arise.

Who guides that vessel's wand'rings o'er the wave?  
 A patient hardy man, of thoughtful brow,  
 Serene, and warm of heart, and wisely brave,  
 And sagely skill'd, whatever gale may blow,  
 To press through angry waves th' advent'rous  
 prow ;  
 Age hath not quell'd his strength, nor quench'd  
 desire  
 Of gen'rous deed, nor chill'd his bosom's glow,  
 Yet to a better world his hopes aspire :  
 Ah ! this must sure be thee ; all hail my honour'd  
 sire !

Alas ! 'thy latest voyage draws near a close,  
For death broods voiceless in the dark'ning sky ;  
Subsides the breeze, th' untroubled waves repose,  
The scene is peaceful all : can death be nigh,  
When thus unarm'd and quiet his vassals lie ?  
Mark ye that cloud ? there toils th' imprison'd gale,  
Ev'n now it comes with voice uplifted high,  
Resound the shores, harsh screams the rending sail,  
And roars th' amazed wave, and bursts the thunder  
    peal.

Three days the tempest raged ; on Scotia's shore  
Wreck pil'd on wreck, and corse on corse was  
    thrown ;  
Her ragged cliffs were red with clotted gore,  
Her dark caves echoed back th' expiring moan,  
And luckless maidens mourned their lovers gone,  
And friendless orphans cried in vain for bread,  
And widowed mothers wander'd forth alone,—  
Restore, O wave, they cried, restore our dead !  
And then the breast they bar'd, and beat th'  
    unshelter'd head.

Of thee my sire, what mortal tongue can tell ?  
No friendly bay thy shatter'd bark received ;  
Ev'n when thy dust repos'd in ocean cell,  
Strange baseless tales of hope thy friends deceived,

Which oft they doubted sad, or gay believed.  
At length, when deeper, darker wax'd the gloom,  
Hopeless they griev'd, but 'twas in vain they  
griev'd ;

If God be truth, 'tis sure no voice of doom  
That bids th' accepted soul its robes of joy asume.

Now rest my lyre, thy pleasing task is o'er,  
Now rest my heart, thy cares are worse than vain ;  
What are the griefs of time ! its blackest hour  
Must pass away, nor can its bright remain,  
For Change hath bound it with a varied chain,  
Where links of gold, and brass, and iron appear,  
Ev'n death itself is his, beyond his reign  
Extends not, virtue drops no bitter tear,  
Nor joy th' accursed souls, nor cease their pains severe.

Lovely the hope that tells of bliss to come,  
Wond'rous the God who gave that hope his seal !  
Fly ye gross thoughts ! ye impious doubts be  
dumb !

'Tis He, 'tis He Himself who rends the veil,  
Whose voice is heard when bursts the thunder peal,  
Whose mighty will the waves and winds obey ;  
O then be wise my soul ! when cares assail,  
And griefs of earth, think of that awful day,  
When all, save God's esteem, shall sink in dire decay.

And now awhile repose my rustic lyre,  
Slow moves th' unwilling hand that lays thee by;  
When thee my arms sustain not grief can tire,  
Nor pain oppress ; perchance an hour is nigh  
When I shall wake thy chords to rapture high ;  
Yea, till cold hearts confess a kindred glow,  
And vile desires and recreant passions die ;  
Ev'n as I sing, less harsh thy numbers flow,  
And flies each anxious care, each thought that  
whispereth woe:

## TO THE READER.

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It was at first my intention to make no other apology for the appearance of this volume than that which is to be found in the Introductory Stanzas. But it has since occurred to me that the good-natured reader will not less readily tolerate what is faulty in my poems, when acquainted with the circumstances under which they were composed, and the motives which induce me to publish them. Nor is it the suffrages of the good-natured alone that I wish to procure. I would fain deprecate, did I know how, the severity of criticism; though aware that if my pieces escape this severity altogether I shall have little cause to congratulate myself on their success.

I am one of the many, who to a superficial observer seem born only to minister to the ease and pleasure of the few. A certain poet has said, that labour, though originally entailed upon mankind as a curse, is softened into a mercy. I myself have had experience that it is

not less an enjoyment than that which is falsely termed ease ; but I cannot regard it as a positive good, or indeed as any thing else than a tax which I pay for independence. The desire of happiness, so natural to man, has led me to seek for that pleasure elsewhere, which I cannot find in the circle of my labours ; and I have found it in the study of poetry.

It is needless to expatiate. The language of poesy perhaps can alone describe the happiness of the poet, who quitting the toils and cares of real life, transports himself into a paradise of the imagination, where there is neither toil nor care. While engaged among my brother workmen, in the labours of a tiresome and uncongenial-employment, I have been wandering over the heaths of Ossian, a spectator of the battles of Fingal. While residing among strangers, in a bleak country, and exposed to the hardships and privations of the Journeyman Mason, I have seen all that is beautiful, and felt all that is pleasing. There is a pleasure in indulging in the dreams of imagination ; there is a pleasure in making transcripts of these dreams, and in giving them a dress of words and a music of numbers ; there is a pleasure in looking over these transcripts when the originals are forgotten. Perhaps the last is not the least. Upon finding in my pieces, after the images and sentiments which they contained had vanished from the memory, strange fancies and exploded opinions, preserved entire and fresh, I have compared them to those

limestone rocks that abound with the remains of animals of which the Zoologist gives us no account, or to those vaults which contain mummies of the Egyptian kings, concerning whom history is silent.

It has been alleged that the pleasures of imagination are as inimical to the acquirement of wealth, as those of sense to the attainment of virtue. I believe the allegation to be correct, for I suspect that the merchant or stockholder who indulged much in these pleasures, would make no great figure on the Exchange. I am but a Journeyman Mason;—it has been said that they frequently interfere with the line of duty. I doubt it not. The Magistrate, the Statesman, the Divine would do well to beware that they gain not an ascendancy over him,—I am but a Journeyman Mason. It has been affirmed that men of strong imaginations are unable to form just estimates of human life; that they cannot trace effects to their causes; and that they are generally ignorant of the means by which desirable objects are to be attained. This I deny. Homer could reason as justly as Plato, and in one important point has shewn himself his superior;\* Virgil was one of the most sensible men of the Augustan age; Milton's judgment was as astonishing as his other powers; Shakespeare knew more of human life and human nature than all the Philosophers put together.

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\* See M. de Dacier's Life of Plato.

The partiality with which authors regard their own writings is well known : it is grounded on that self-love, the knowledge of which proves such an excellent key for laying open the motives of human action, and hence leads us to recognize the same principle at work in embodying the dreams of poetry, and in pointing the strictures of criticism. I am not so weak as to think myself void of this partiality, but I dare affirm that it is no inordinate love of my productions which has prompted me to lay them before the public. Like a true Utopian, I value myself more on what I am yet to do than upon what I have already done. I believe myself possessed of a natural turn for poetry, and by the publication of this volume, I ask the wise and the literate if my opinion be just ; and whether for the future I shall spend my leisure hours, with a design of acquiring the art of the poet, in striving to supply from books and by reflection the deficiencies of an imperfect education. I act as the proprietor would who had discovered a rock of what he supposed marble on his estate ; he carries a specimen to the sculptor, and enquires concerning its susceptibility of polish, and the advantage with which the quarry might be wrought.

It may be enquired of me, To what end would you devote your talents, if their reply whose judgment on them you ask be favourable ? This is one of those very direct questions which are easier to put than to answer. My reply cannot be as direct. One's self, as my Lord

Bacon remarks, is but a sorry centre for all one's actions to revolve upon. The writer whose every nerve is strained to obtain a command over the opinions of men, from a mere love of power or fame, however successful he may prove, is a mean fellow at best. But motives of this kind are powerful springs of human action; they are more natural to man than better ones; and I must confess that they have great influence over me. It is well, however, that better ones may be found. The love of our neighbour, and a desire of promoting the glory of God, are noble principles; nor are they debased when inciting the student to the pursuit of knowledge, or assisting the poet in the flights of imagination. There is much of infidelity and irreligion among men, and I am of opinion that he does well who boldly confesses it to be his belief that the God of the Bible is the God of the Universe. There is much of vice and unhappiness on earth, and I regard the man who gives a moral and amusing book to the world, as a benefactor to mankind. Were I possessed of a power over opinion, I trust I would be enabled to make use of that power in testifying of God, and in striving to make my fellow creatures less vicious and less unhappy.

For the faults which even an author's eye can detect in the poems contained in this volume, permit me to say a little by way of exculpation. The great bulk of them was not written with a view to the press; and this, I hope, will be deemed a sufficient apology for the

egotism they display. It will be forgiven me that they are full of the microcosm, for whose perusal alone they were intended. Some of them are juvenile ; but the insertion of such will surely be held pardonable by all who know how impossible it is to recall to mind the days of our youth without seeing in them something like happiness ; and how difficult it is for us to look over writings composed by us at an early age, without deeming them to have some merit. For that want of harmony in my numbers, which the skilful reader will not fail to detect, I can only apologize by confessing my deficiency in the art of pronunciation. It may be objected against my book that it is a heterogeneous mass of the serious and light ; and that considered as a picture of the author's mind, it gives the idea of a man less consistent than one ought to be who professes the truth. Let the objector reflect that my lighter pieces, though wild and fanciful, are not immoral ; and that the Poet of Truth, Hope, and Charity, was also the author of John Gilpin.

But it is possible that I have completely failed in poetry. It may appear that while grasping at originality of description and sentiment, and striving to attain propriety of expression, I have only been depicting common images, and embodying obvious thoughts, and this too in inelegant language. Possible, have I said ! nay, it is probable. Yet even in this case, though disappointed, I am not without my sources of comfort. The pleasure I enjoy in composing verses is quite inde-

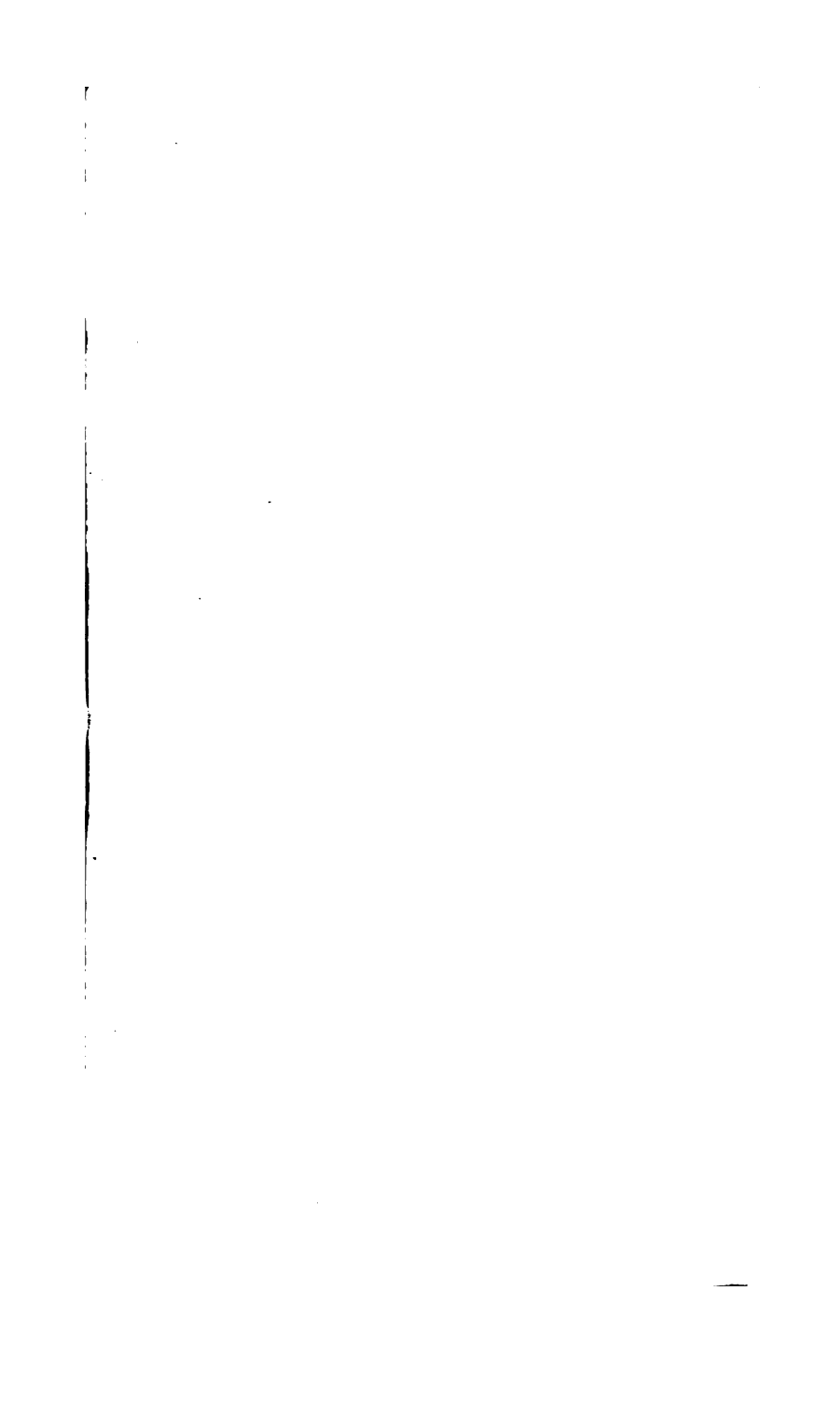
pendent of other men's opinion of them ; and I expect to feel as happy as ever in this amusement, even though assured that others could find no pleasure in reading what I had found so much in writing. It is no small solace to reflect that the fable of the dog and shadow cannot apply to me ; since my predilection for poetry has not prevented me from acquiring the skill, at least, of the common mechanic. I am not more ignorant of masonry and architecture than many professors of those arts who never measured a stanza. There is also some satisfaction in reflecting, that, unlike some would-be satirists, I have not attacked private character ; and that, though men may deride me as an unskilful poet, they cannot justly detest me as a bad or ill-natured man. Nay, I shall have the pleasure of repaying those who may be merry at my expence, in their own coin. I can trace their laughter to the criticisms which suggested it, and these again to that desire inherent in poor human nature, of showing one's own discernment at the expence of one's neighbour. I can prove that my mistake in supposing myself a poet, is not a whit more ridiculous, but infinitely less mischievous than many of those into which myriads of my fellow men are falling every day. I have seen the vicious attempting to teach morals, and the weak to unfold mysteries. I have seen men set up for freethinkers who were born not to think at all. To conclude, there will certainly be cause for self-gratulation in reflecting, that by becoming author I have

only lost a few pounds ; not gained the reputation of being a mean fellow, who had teased all his acquaintances until they had subscribed for a worthless book : and that the severest remark of the severest critic can only be, " A certain anonymous rhymist is no poet."

THE END.







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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are obese has increased by 100% (World Health Organization 1997). The prevalence of obesity in the United States has increased from 15% in 1975 to 23% in 1990 (Flegal et al. 1994). In the United Kingdom, the prevalence of obesity has increased from 10% in 1980 to 15% in 1995 (Health Survey for England 1996).

Obesity is a risk factor for a number of chronic diseases, including coronary heart disease, stroke, type 2 diabetes, and certain types of cancer (World Health Organization 1997). In the United States, obesity is the leading risk factor for coronary heart disease (Flegal et al. 1994). In the United Kingdom, obesity is the leading risk factor for stroke (Health Survey for England 1996). In the United States, obesity is the leading risk factor for type 2 diabetes (Flegal et al. 1994). In the United Kingdom, obesity is the leading risk factor for type 2 diabetes (Health Survey for England 1996).

Obesity is also a risk factor for certain types of cancer, including breast cancer, colon cancer, and endometrial cancer (World Health Organization 1997). In the United States, obesity is the leading risk factor for breast cancer (Flegal et al. 1994). In the United Kingdom, obesity is the leading risk factor for breast cancer (Health Survey for England 1996).

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